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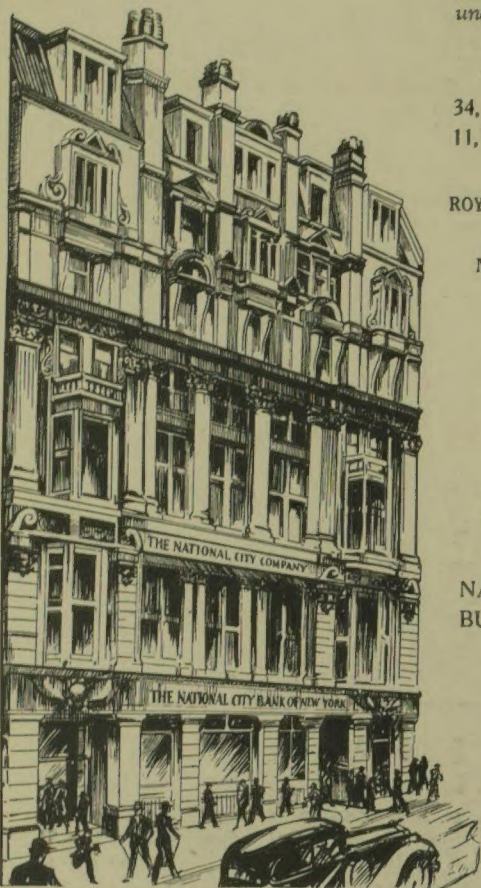
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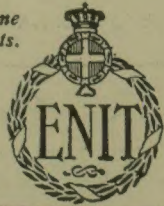
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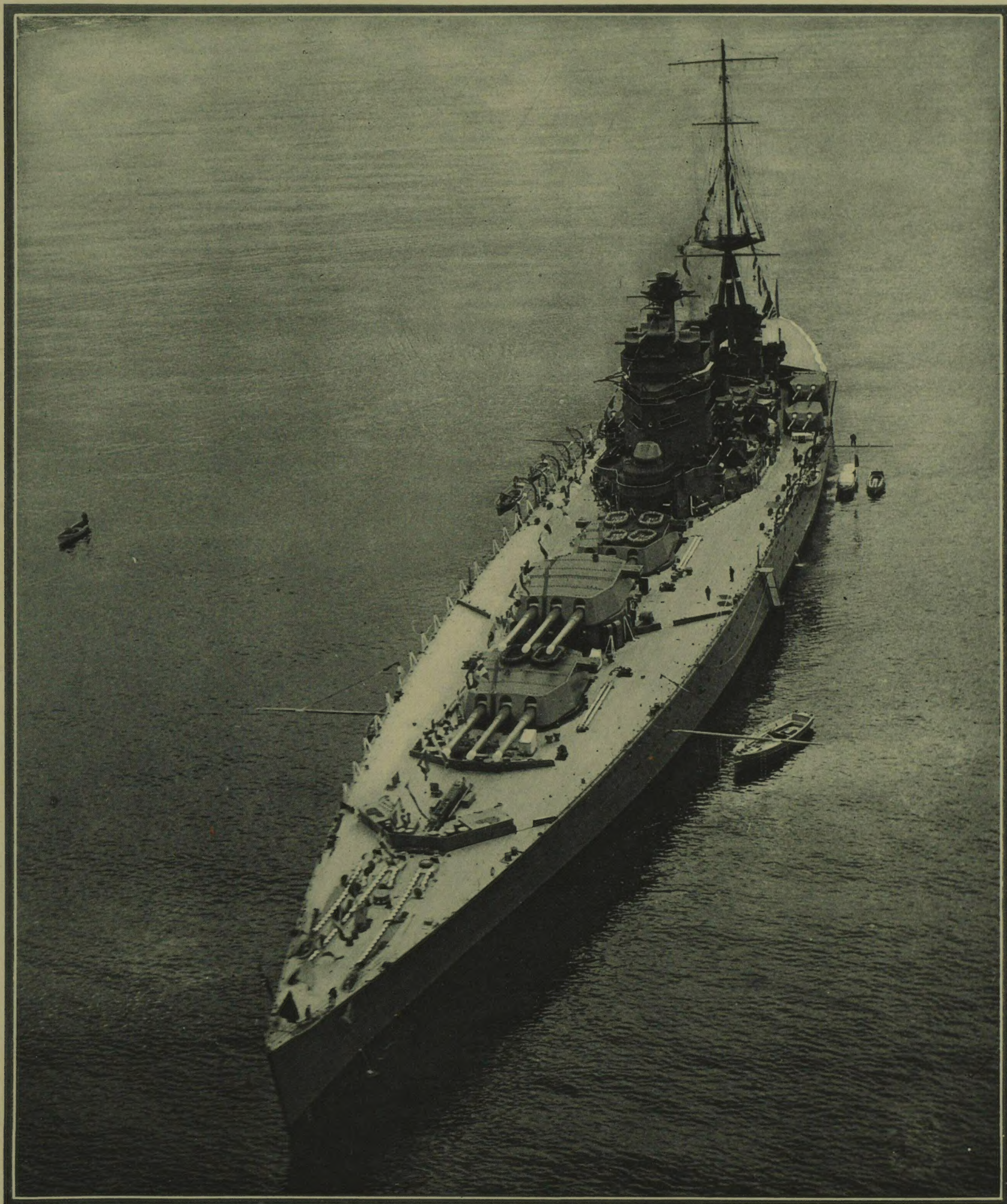
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1930.

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AN AIR-VIEW OF THE "LAST WORD IN BATTLESHIP CONSTRUCTION": H.M.S. "RODNEY,"  
ONE OF THE FOUR CAPITAL SHIPS "FEATURED" IN THE PLYMOUTH NAVY WEEK.

The aerial photograph here reproduced shows with an unusual degree of clarity some of the main features which Sir H. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, late Director of Naval Construction, embodied in the novel design of the "Rodney"—the 16-in. guns in triple turrets; and the secondary armament, the funnel, and the

"brains" of the ship placed far back in her length. The "Rodney," the "Renown," the "Malaya," and the "Tiger" are the four capital ships that figure at the Plymouth Navy Week. The "Rodney's" sister-ship, the "Nelson," recently paid a visit to the French Navy, at Brest.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOMETIMES I have a dark suspicion that there are many poems, and perhaps prose competitions also, which people think they know when they know only the first few lines. Possibly this might explain the sinister haste and eagerness with which the great Epic Poets cram into the first few lines a statement of the whole story, which they intend to tell in the ensuing twelve books. They always begin with a summary of this kind, perhaps because they have a craven fear that many of their readers will not read any more. Everybody knows the first three lines of *Paradise Lost*—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit  
Of that forbidden Tree, whose  
mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and  
all our woe.

But I strongly suspect that there is a sudden and enormous falling off in the numbers of those who could quote the fourth line. And Milton may himself have paused at that point, and heaved a sigh of relief, to think that he had got the whole story packed pretty thoroughly into the three lines, even if all his readers refused to read him any more. He had successfully informed the public of the incident called The Fall of Man, had explained its connection with the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and attached to it all the results of the doctrine of Original Sin. He did not, however, stop here, and leave this little trifle as a sort of epigram or short lyric. He went on for quite a long time; and it must have been with a sense of relief, not unmingled with fatigue, that he reached at last that quiet and beautiful ending, and saw the exiles, hand in hand, with faltering steps and slow, through Eden take their solitary way. It is perhaps an advantage to the epic poets that their story, as a rule, is already more or less known to the public; just as a considerable number of people have heard the story of Adam and Eve. All adventure stories, in Stevenson's phrase, begin to end well; and in the greatest of adventure stories Ulysses is obviously meant to get home at last; nor are there many people who need to read to the end of the Iliad to find out what happened to Hector. In the case of longer and more elaborate, not to say more entangled, poems, like those of Ariosto and Spenser, it is legitimate to doubt whether everybody does know what happened to anybody. Lord Macaulay was the most persistent of readers, with the most perfect of memories; yet it is admitted that he came a cropper, or fell out of the race, in the forests of the Faerie Queene. He said that few readers were in at the death of the Blatant Beast, and if he had been there himself, he would have known that the Beast does not even die. But while this lack of final perseverance is common in the case of the complicated epics, and not uncommon in that of the simpler epics, it may seem almost cynical to suggest that it is sometimes true even of shorter poems. It seems heartless to suggest that somebody may have fainted before he got to the end of "We Are Seven." It is awful to think that some critic may have been so fastidious as to be unable to support more than two lines of "The Village Blacksmith." And yet I fancy there are cases in which something like this is true; and I came across one recently, or rather I only recently fancied that I saw the true meaning of it.

Everybody quotes the opening lines of Shelley's fine chorus at the end of "Prometheus Unbound." And everybody quotes them as the expression of Shelley's heroic hope for the human race, his idealism and his optimism about his ideals, his radiant faith in a final fulfilment in which humanity should be happy and free—

The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return.

And I suspect that of these a very considerable number have not read, or do not remember, or did

O, drain not to the dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy.

It is obvious, to put it mildly, that something has occurred to him to put him out; and though all readers must have realised at least that, I fancy there have been a considerable number of quoters who were not readers. And I do not think that Shelley's name would have been so innocently and irrevocably bound up with ideas of Progress and Perfectibility and A Good Time Coming, if everybody had instantly realised to what he really referred.

This very obvious reflection, which must have occurred to hundreds of people, occurred to me when I was in the act of reading that very remarkable historical study called "Progress and Religion," by Christopher Dawson, which Messrs. Sheed and Ward published some little time ago. It contains, among many other interesting things, a very complete account of that extraordinary theory of Recurrence, which many modern as well as ancient philosophers have held, but to which the ancient philosophers gave the name of The Great Year. The theory, of course, is broadly this: that when all possible permutations and combinations have been exhausted, the cosmic system will of its nature have to begin all over again and repeat everything we know exactly as we have known it. This will happen again and again for ever; for the same logic that brings the repetition must also bring the repetition of the repetition. And indeed, it is odd to notice how the philosophers repeat themselves even in describing the repetition. Mr. Dawson quotes the case of a Greek sage who said, "This staff that I am holding I shall hold again," and the case of a Socialist thinker who said, "This pen I am holding I shall hold again," in almost exactly the same form of words. Every detail of every life will return with exactitude, and return again and again to eternity. And everybody knows how Nietzsche uttered this revelation, with something almost like a howl, from the last high and crazy peak of his strange existence; about the time, indeed, when he collapsed into complete insanity. I do not know whether he went mad because he believed the theory, or only believed the theory because he went mad. But it always struck me as an almost startling example of how a deathly fatalism overcomes the most lively sceptic. For Nietzsche's views, in his best days, were wild enough, but wild at least on the side of Will and of Liberty. To see him entangled in that old necessitarian net is like seeing a great spider's web entangle an eagle.



THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED HOLBEIN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK: DETAIL OF THE HANDS AND FLOWERS.

(See Full-page Reproduction Opposite.)

not understand, the curious breaking-point which is the point of the poem. I have read it hundreds of times myself, but I confess that it was not until lately that I saw its full meaning, in connection with cosmic and philosophical theories. I daresay everybody else who has read it understood it much better and more immediately; I am not setting up as a discoverer, but I do think it curious that the discovery has not been more often rediscovered. Shelley's poem mounts steadily in an ascending curve of choral thanksgiving to Nature for a new and glorious renovation of all things; and then, when it comes to its highest note of triumph, it breaks. The poet cries, with something like horror, that we must look no further and foresee no more:

What interests me here is that it entangled the skylark as well as the eagle. It is surely obvious that Shelley, in the rise and fall of those remarkable lines of the Prometheus, is referring to the old pagan conception of The Great Year. He feels that it justifies him in saying that the world's great age will begin anew and the golden years return. But he does not want to drain the urn of prophecy to the dregs, because the same wheel of fate that has brought round the golden years will bring round also the leaden and the iron years; and we shall all be forced to repeat all the crimes and tyrannies of history. Without being unduly controversial, I think I may say that it is not a cheery prospect; and that I am exceedingly proud to observe that it was before the coming of Christianity that it flourished, and after the neglect of Christianity that it returned.



## A HOLBEIN NEWLY-DISCOVERED—AND CLEARED OF SOOT AND OVERPAINT.



**"CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK": AN AUTHENTICATED HOLBEIN OF KING HENRY VIII.'S FAVOURITE AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.**

Sending us this photograph, together with that on the opposite page, our correspondent writes: "Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the powerful favourite and brother-in-law of Henry VIII. This picture was once in the possession of the Marquess of Hastings, of Donington Park, and was bequeathed by him to Lady Loudoun, from whom it was acquired by the present owner, Mr. Norbert Fischmann, of Munich. The upper part was found to have been covered by overpainting.

Beneath this overpainting was found a layer of soot. Dr. Ganz, the great authority on Holbein, who has fully authenticated this powerful portrait, says that it was, no doubt, hung above a fireplace for many years, and that the lower part was well protected by the cornice. It has been very successfully cleaned by Mr. Bentz, of Basle. As is almost a commonplace to-day, the work of restoration was greatly facilitated by the use of X-ray photographs."



# "The Future United States of Europe": Derso Proposes to Ask Brazil

*In connection with M. Briand's proposals for a European Federal Union, we have received from "Derso" the drawing and the letter here given. Our readers will recall the artist's pictorial comments on the London Naval Conference, which were published in our paper earlier in the year. As before, his remarks are printed as received.*

To the Editor of "The Illustrated London News.

DEAR SIR,

You are certainly astonished that while all the Gouvernements already answered the Memorandum concerning the European Union—some with enthusiasm, others with diplomatic reserve—I have not made the smallest remark on it.

I'll explain you my long hesitation.

I'll explain it without diplomatic reserve, which, I'm afraid, would not be taken into consideration by any of the 38 Foreign Offices of the future United States of Europe. So, I think its better not to make diplomatic reserve at all.

And what about my enthusiasm—it is exhausted. No wonder, Sir. Since 10 years I lavish my enthousiasm on so many different constructive Plans of Statesmen that I decided to reserve the little what remained for other ideals. I'm sorry.

I envy this old statesman in the League, who in the next Assembly, when he will hear the great speech about Pan-Europe, will jump on his chair and waving his handkerchief cry "Hip, hip, hooray."

Dear old statesman—he certainly will do so; I know him, he does it every year when he hears a great speech announcing a new Plan. He is eighty and he has more enthusiasm and a bigger handkerchief than I. I always envied him, and I would do the same. I can't anymore. Every year a new constructive Plan, that is too much for my nerves and my larynx.

I have examined the new Plan with the carefullness and serenity of the average diplomat and I find also that Peace ought to be built up on a solid basis, and that it is exaggerated that one must show six times his under-garments when passing over frontiers, travelling with the object of applauding the next speech of a great statesman. Certainly, things must be changed.

But now, I invite you to have a look, Sir, at the archives of the League of Nations Treaty Section.

There you see the Covenant: fifty-four states are bound by the League and are obliged to regulate pacifically their international differences.

Fifty-seven states signed the Kellogg Outlawry of War Treaty and renounced war as an "instrument of national policy."

Then you have Locarno.

You can study here, if you have time enough, a long series of bi-lateral, multi-lateral and general treaties for conciliation, arbitration and judicial settlement of international disagreements. Altogether there are 146 arbitration and conciliation treaties registered by the League.

In addition to these, 41 countries have signed the Optional Clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice, which provides for compulsory arbitration, and, while the United States are not bound by the League, they still lead in peace pacts negotiated and then placed in the League's vaults. Only the last year 26 documents were placed there bearing Washington's seal.

Great Britain, the greatest advocate of arbitration, proposed last September the general acceptance of compulsory arbitration under the Permanent Court statutes.

An important tendency is to confer upon the Hague Court jurisdiction as a high court of appeal—a final resort in cases where solutions are not otherwise found. If approved by the League Assembly, the innovation will add another 30-40 blocks to the present peace structure.

The next League Assembly will also study a scheme of amendments to the Covenant, which will cement it with the outlawry of war Treaty.

And now to the rapidly mounting mass of treaties, agreements, pledges, resolutions and plans, you have a new stone for the Peace Monument, a big one, the Plan of Pan-Europe.

All I want to show you, Sir, with this documentation, is that things are complicated enough.

I wonder if the stones of the Monument are cemented sufficiently well to support such a heavy new addition, and whether the foundation should not be more firm, or simply that I'm not enough educated to understand these high political sciences.

I'll ask a Brazilian to explain me this complicated affairs.

Why just a Brazilian, you will ask.

Why? Because there is a country, the only one country of the world—Brazil—who is not bound by either the Kellogg Pact nor the League Covenant nor even other Treaties. This fact does not make things any clearer to me, and by thinking of the strange isolation of

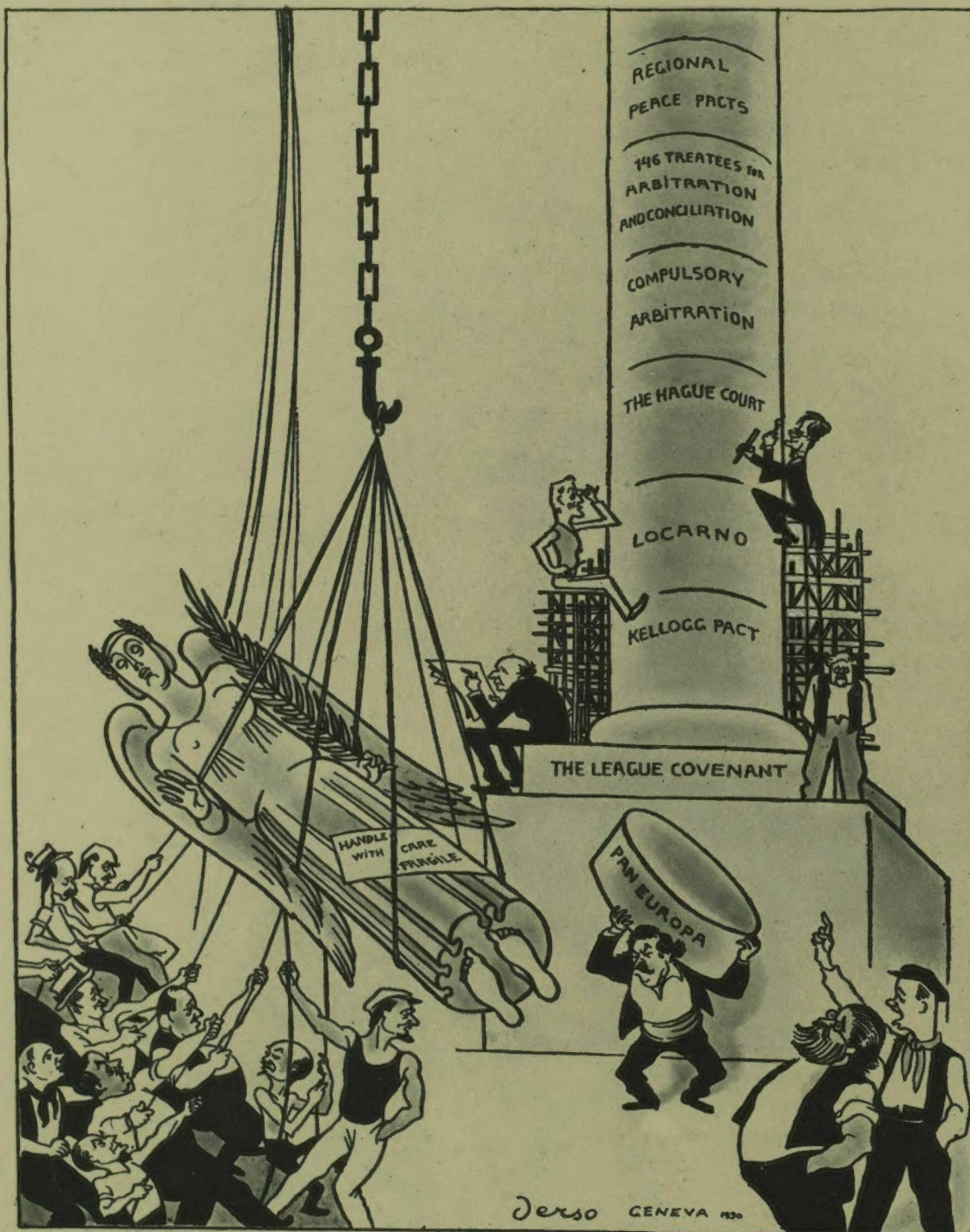
Brazil I'm more perplexed than I was in the beginning of my letter. This isolation disturbs me. Has Brazil an absolute confidence in the will-for-peace of the peoples, or has she an absolute mistrust in the signatures of statesmen?

If I meet a Brazilian I'll just ask him.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

DERSO.



THE PEACE MONUMENT—ACCORDING TO DERSON: BRIAND: "HI! WAIT A MINUTE; THERE IS ONE MORE—"

"On the left are MM. Zaleski (Poland), Curtius (Germany), Arthur Henderson, Benes (Czecho-Slovakia), Quinones de Leon (Spain), Count Bethlen (Hungary), MM. Marinkovitch (Jugo-Slavia), Adachi (Japan), and Grandi (Italy). On the left of the column of the monument are Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cecil; at its foot is M. Briand, with the Pan-Europa section to be added; on the right of the column are MM. Kellogg and Unden (Sweden). At the bottom on the right are M. Albert Thomas, Director of the International Labour Office, and Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League."

Cartoon by Derso; Geneva, 1930.



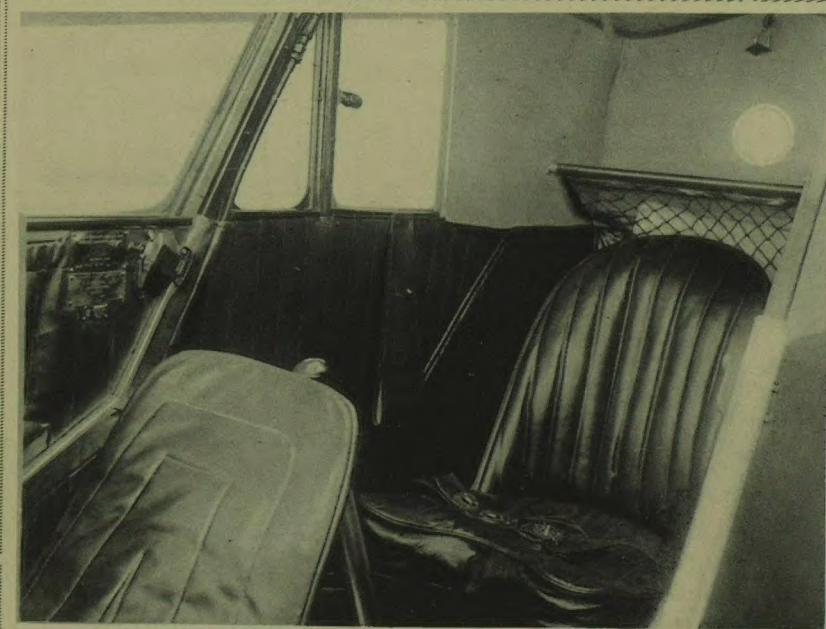
# THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AIRMAN: "SOLO" FLIGHTS; A NEW MACHINE.



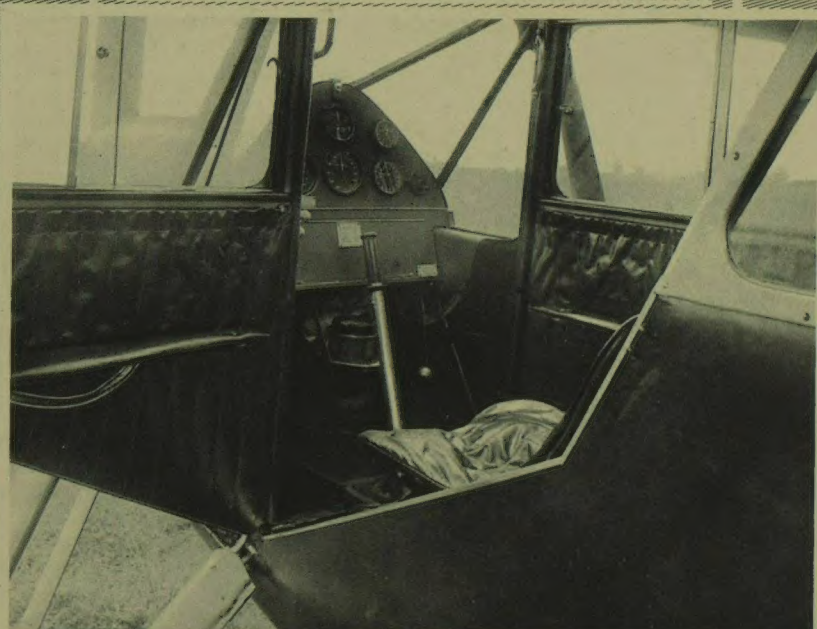
THE MACHINE USED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A "SOLO" AIRMAN: THE "TOMTIT" TWO-SEATER WHICH HE HAS RECENTLY FLOWN ALONE (HERE SEEN WITH SQUADRON-LEADER DON ACTING AS PILOT).



ENABLING THE PRINCE OF WALES TO TRAVEL BY AIR IN ORDINARY DRESS, IF DESIRED, AND ACCOMPANIED BY AN EQUERRY: HIS NEW DE HAVILLAND "PUSS MOTH" MONOPLANE, WITH A TOTALLY ENCLOSED CABIN, SHOWN IN FLIGHT.



INSIDE THE CABIN OF THE PRINCE'S D.H. "PUSS MOTH": THE PASSENGER-SEAT (RIGHT), WITH LUGGAGE-RACK, AIR-VENT, AND HOOK FOR RIP-CORD ABOVE.



THE PILOT'S SEAT, WITH THE INSTRUMENT-PANEL, OF THE PRINCE'S "PUSS MOTH" MONOPLANE: AN INTERIOR VIEW THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

It was recently disclosed that the Prince of Wales has been making short "solo" flights at Northolt Aerodrome, unaccompanied by a pilot or any other person—a noteworthy advance in his flying career. The machine he used was the "Tomtit" two-seater trainer flown in his name for the King's Cup by Squadron-Leader Don. The Prince had, of course, previously made many complete flights in various machines, performing the whole operation himself, though accompanied by a pilot. He has just purchased a De Havilland "Puss Moth" monoplane, with D.H. "Gipsy III" engine. The enclosed cabin will enable the Prince to dispense with

flying kit, if desired, and travel in morning dress. The passenger cabin is fitted with dual control, which may be removed to make room for a second passenger. The Prince may thus, if necessary, be accompanied by an Equerry. On the passenger-seat may be seen the belt he wears, and above is a light luggage-rack. Over that again are a circular air-vent and a hook for pulling a rip-cord to open the roof in emergency. The machine's cruising speed is 100-110 m.p.h., and top speed 130 m.p.h. Its range is about 600 miles, and it does 22 miles to the gallon. The struts above the wheels may be turned when landing, to act as air-brakes.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING SNAKES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MY friend Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, the Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, has just sent me a wonderfully interesting account of the "Snake Park" he has founded as an annexe to his Museum. Its purpose is not merely to exhibit living specimens of every species of snake in Africa,—and they are many—but to give his visitors an opportunity of distinguishing harmless from venomous snakes, and to conduct experiments in the production of viruses for the cure of bites from these dangerous reptiles. This, indeed, is good work, and he has met with surprising success.

To most people, all snakes are repellent, chiefly because all are supposed to be poisonous. On this account, they are slain whenever they are met with. This attitude of unreasoning hate is unfortunate, especially for the snake. There should be discrimination here, as in all other things. For many snakes are not only quite harmless but very useful creatures, especially in tropical countries, where they destroy large numbers of rats and mice; while some species are themselves snake-eaters. It is clear, then, that to kill a snake because it is a snake is by no means a virtuous act.

Our own grass-snake is nearly always killed at sight, largely owing to the fact that the difference between this and the viper, which is poisonous, is not realised. One of my correspondents once wrote to tell me that he not only killed all the snakes he came across, but also our perfectly harmless "slow-worm"—which is really a lizard which has assumed a snake-like form—because, though he perfectly well knew they were harmless, they "frightened people."

Our unreasoning hate of snakes has furthermore blinded us to the fact that these creatures afford a most wonderful illustration of the evolution of a very remarkable form of locomotion, brought about by the suppression, as one would have supposed, of the very means of locomotion—

eye," presenting always a fixed glassy stare. This is due to the fact that a snake, unlike a lizard, has no eyelid. Asleep or awake, the eye is always open. It is protected, in place of lids, by a transparent scale, like a watch-glass, which covers what is known as a "nictitating membrane," also transparent and immovable. In the owls we often see this membrane, which is white, drawn over the eye and back again, to keep its surface moist. And then, too, there is that forked tongue, constantly vibrating from the closed mouth. Almost everyone believes that this tongue is the "sting." It is nothing of the kind. As in the lizards, it serves only as a delicate sense-organ of touch.

teeth in front of them. In the *Solenoglyphs* the fangs form large hollow tubes, like curved needles, placed far forward in the mouth (Fig. 1). The *Proteroglyphs*—e.g., cobras—form a connecting link, for the fangs, though placed far forwards, are grooved.

What, again, was the determining factor which invested some of the South African snakes, like the Ringhals-Cobra (*Sepdon hamachates*) and Black-necked Cobra (*Naja microcollis*), with the power of "spitting" poison. They can expel this in the form of a fine spray for a considerable distance. We are, as yet, as I have hinted, at a loss to account for the origin and development of these deadly weapons of offence. But it would seem that the highly specialised condition of the fangs of the *Proteroglyphs*—e.g., cobras and vipers—reduced to a single functional pair placed in the front of the mouth, was derived by a reduction of the teeth seated in front of the two or three pairs of fangs found far back in the mouth of the *Opisthoglyphs*.

Mr. Fitzsimons' "snake park" was not so much formed for the study of the problems raised here as for the general instruction of South Africans. Here they can not only discover how many species of snakes are native to the soil, and how to distinguish one from another, but also, what is much more important, how to discover which are the venomous species, and where they are most likely to be found. Earlier researches have already shown us that there are different types of

venom. Some act chiefly on the blood; others on the nervous system. But they are equally virulent. To these differences are due the very different physiological effects on human victims. Their toxicity also differs considerably.

After long and patient investigation and experiment, Mr. Fitzsimons has discovered that a reliable antidote to snake venom can be prepared in the form of a virus obtained from horses rendered highly immune to the venoms of South African cobras and adders. It takes two years to raise the immunity of a horse to the required standard, and this immunity can only be sustained by frequent injections of mixed venoms. This being so, it is not surprising to find that some horses die during the process of immunisation.

Serum prepared from horses immunised to the venoms

of non-African snakes is of no value. In South Africa, adders, chiefly the puff-adder, account for 70 per cent. of the cases of snake-bite. In India the majority of deaths are due to cobras. How great is the efficacy of the African serums is shown by the fact that the Basuto keeper of this snake park has been bitten no fewer than thirteen times by cobras, mambas, and adders. Once or twice death seemed imminent, but the serum injected, sometimes as much as 20 cubic centimetres, has always snatched him from the jaws of death. Europeans have been no less fortunate, proving the efficacy of Mr. Fitzsimons' work.



FIG. 1. WITH POISON FANGS  $\frac{3}{4}$  IN. LONG: THE HEAD OF AN AFRICAN PUFF-ADDER (*BITIS ARIETANS*).

The tiger kills by seizing its victim with its feet and their powerful armature of claws. A thirty-foot python will seize prey quite as large with its hands, so to speak, tied behind its back. With a lightning spring it will throw itself on its victim, and with incredible speed will encircle it within the coils of its body, crushing the life out of it. Then begins that extraordinary process of swallowing possible only to the snakes. The teeth are all curved, with their points towards the throat, so that nothing impedes the passage of the newly-slain victim. Slowly but surely the slayer pulls the warm, crushed carcase backwards down his throat. For the jaw-bones of both upper and lower jaws are but loosely held to the skull by elastic ligaments and muscles. First the lower jaw of one side is thrust forward, gets a grip, and pulls backwards. Then the other comes forward and plays a like part. As a consequence, the body is, as it were, drawn over the victim till it finally disappears, distending the body as it goes down, till the once-overlapping scales stand apart like so many islands on a sea of bare skin.

Hampered, as one would have supposed them to be, by the loss of their limbs, they have nevertheless contrived to find haunts of the most varied kind. Some live on the ground, some climb trees. All can swim well, and some have become entirely aquatic. Some burrow like the mole. In their coloration they often display the most marvellous beauty, and the effect is heightened by a wonderful iridescence. Commonly the effect of this coloration is to afford concealment, to secure them from molestation when they are lying torpid after a gorge, as well as to enable them to approach their victims unawares. In some cases, however, it forms what is known as "warning coloration."

What gave rise to the venomous fangs of the poisonous snakes; and whence came their virulent poison? The two were inseparably associated from the beginning; and as these fangs increased in size and efficiency, so the poison increased in virulence. But, more than this, the qualities of the poison, and the effect produced on its victim, differ greatly in the three types of poison-snakes. In the *Opisthoglyphs* there may be three pairs of short fangs, grooved along their front surface, and placed far back in the mouth, with small

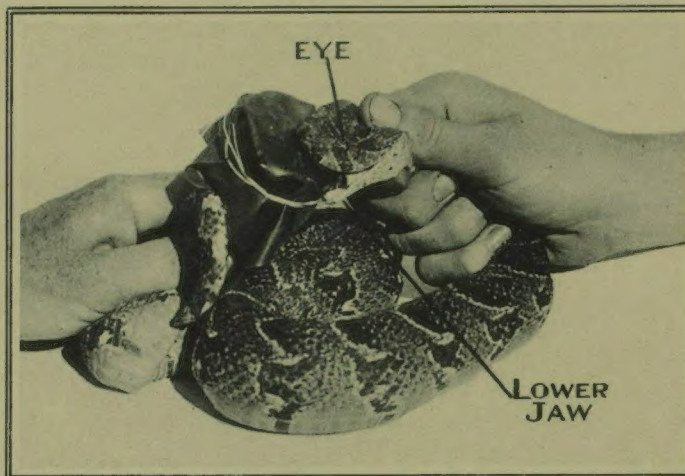


FIG. 2. THE SNAKE'S HEAD HELD DOWN OVER A COVERED VESSEL: A STAGE IN THE COLLECTING OF PUFF-ADDER VENOM, WHICH IS USED FOR MAKING AN ANTI-VENOM SERUM.



FIG. 3. ABOUT TO SEIZE A BATRACHIAN WHICH FORMS ITS FAVOURITE FOOD: THE NIGHT ADDER (*CAUSUS RHOMBEATUS*) APPROACHING A TOAD.

the limbs. And this has occurred in some lizards, as well as in snakes. In both the process begins with the elongation of the body; and as this proceeds so the legs grow shorter and shorter, till they finally vanish, as in our "slow-worm." In some snakes—as in the python, for example—traces of the hind-legs are still visible, externally, in a pair of conical spines projecting on each side of the base of the tail.

And this lengthening of the body, again, provides yet another remarkable feature as yet unexplained. This concerns the remarkable increase in the length of the backbone, which may consist of more than 300 vertebrae. Furthermore, most of these bear ribs, so that in the python there may be as many as 300 pairs. Stranger still, they have assumed the task of the lost legs. For each pair of ribs has its free edge fixed to the two ends of one of the transverse scales of the belly, so that when they are thrust forward, the edge of the scale is turned downwards so as to get a grip of the ground. As the ribs are drawn backwards the body, in consequence, is thrust forward with that mysterious and uncanny gliding movement which adds not a little to the nameless horror these fearsome creatures conjure up when we see them at large.

Another feature which has done not a little to prejudice us against the snake is its "cold and glittering

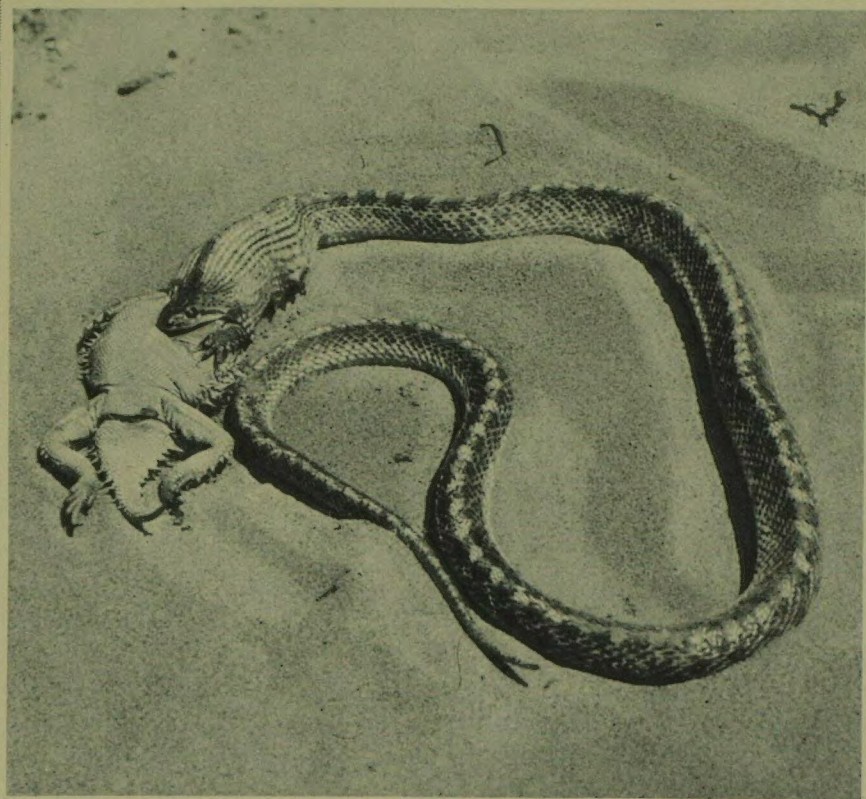


FIG. 4. WITH AN ARMPFUL OF LIVE SNAKES: JOHANNES, THE BASUTO SNAKE PARK KEEPER AT PORT ELIZABETH.

The Basuto Snake Park keeper at Port Elizabeth has been bitten numbers of times by cobras, mambas, and adders. The serum prepared as the result of the activities of the Snake Park authorities has saved him on each occasion, and the same has been done for Europeans.



# SNAKES AND THEIR DIET: A FATAL MOUTHFUL; A CAPTURED GIANT.



DINER AND "DINNER" MUTUALLY SLAIN! A MEXICAN SNAKE WHICH ATTEMPTED TO SWALLOW A HORNEO TOAD, BUT WAS FATALLY CUT BY THE TOAD'S NECK-SPINES WHEN THE TOAD TWISTED ITS HEAD INSIDE THE SNAKE'S MOUTH.



A SNAKE SWALLOWING AN EGG—A HABIT COMMON AMONG TREE-SNAKES: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH FROM IOWA ILLUSTRATING THE SNAKE'S ABILITY TO DISTEND ITS JAWS AND BODY TO TAKE IN LARGE OBJECTS.

A HUGE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR, ABOUT 22 FT. LONG AND 19 IN. MAXIMUM GIRTH, TAKEN ALIVE BY TWO MALAYANS, ROUND ONE OF WHOM IT COILED ITSELF, CAUSING HIS RIBS TO "CREAK," UNTIL HELP ARRIVED TO RELEASE HIM: THE MONSTER SNAKE AND ITS CAPTORS AT PENANG.



"Snakes [we read in the "Royal Natural History"] capture and devour living animals, which are swallowed whole. They have the power of dilating their jaws, throat, and stomach. . . . Most snakes devour their prey alive." The lower photograph comes from Penang, with the following dramatic story: "Ibrahim, a marker on the Rifle Range, said: 'About six a.m., while I was walking to the Rifle Range, I saw the track of a snake crossing the road. It was about 9 inches wide. I called some of my friends, including Yahaya, another marker. . . . We followed the tracks into the bushes and . . . had to hack our way through the shrubs. Suddenly we came upon the snake sleeping, with

the head curled up underneath the body. . . . I took hold of the tail and pulled. The snake was still asleep. I pulled and pulled until Yahaya got its head in his hands, when the reptile awakened. It tried to coil itself round Yahaya, and I had to exert my strength to unwind it. Sometimes it was about two minutes round Yahaya, and I could hear his ribs creaking. Then I asked some friends to help . . . and between us (we were about eight) we managed to get it to my house, where I had some spare wire cages. With not a little difficulty we put the snake inside one. It took us about half an hour to capture the reptile.'"



# A FAVOURITE, BUT WITH MANY FRIENDS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE LIFE OF MICHAEL KELLY": By S. M. ELLIS.\*

(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANCZ.)

MICHAEL KELLY was born in Dublin, probably in 1762; he died in Margate, "quite suddenly and alone," in 1826. Mr. S. M. Ellis's "Life" is compiled from Kelly's reminiscences, originally published a few months before his death, and never reprinted. They had the honour of being reviewed by Sir Walter Scott, and finding favour with him. "Kelly," he said, "was a man who had spent all his life among the lovers of laugh and fun, choice spirits, whom Time cannot exhaust, and who make good the boast of Anacreon, and are merry in spite of misfortune and grey hairs . . . . We have a special relish for the *soufflé* of Signior Kelly . . . . His Memoirs often put us in mind of Gil Blas . . . . He has seen the world on both sides, and has told the result of his observation with a good deal of light humour." Praise from such an august quarter is praise indeed. But Kelly himself was disappointed with the way his memoirs had been presented to the world. Theodore Hook, who edited them, made incomprehensible omissions, and, moreover, he could not spell: solecisms such as "scite" for site and "burth" for birth defaced the page. Mr. Ellis links

"My good boy, if you do not learn to keep time, you will never be a good musician."

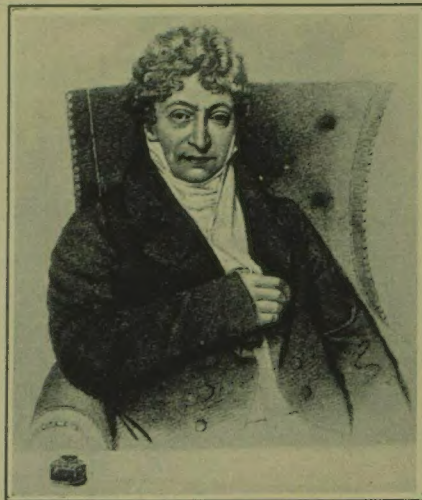
Punctuality, however, is not so essential for a diarist as are an observant eye and a lively pen, both of which Kelly possessed. Political questions, the graver affairs of States, did not interest him greatly. But he had the gift of making friends, of recording their personal peculiarities and of remembering what they said. King Ferdinand was very kind to him, but what Kelly recollected most vividly of this monarch was his way of eating macaroni, "disdaining the use of either knife, fork, or spoon, or indeed, any aid except such as nature had kindly afforded him." He gives a vivid description of the Lazzaroni, a hardy race of men fifty thousand strong, who worked just enough to keep themselves from starving, and, though closely allied to the criminal

classes, were too much a recognised institution to be interfered with. After seeing the Carnival in Rome he went to Sicily, where, among other adventures, he spent three days (most luxuriously) in prison for having inadvertently occupied a seat in the theatre reserved for the "professed *cicisbeo*" of a Marchesa. From Sicily, hotly pursued by a Turkish *galera*, he sailed to Leghorn, where he made the acquaintance of two people who were to be his fast friends until their early deaths—Anna and Stephen Storace. Stephen Storace was a composer whom contemporary judgments ranked with Purcell and Mozart; he died at the age of thirty-three. His sister made a great name as a singer.

Kelly made his debut in Opera in Florence as the Frenchman in "Il Francese in Italia." That he

was well received was greatly due to the patronage of Lord Cowper and the English colony. Prince Charles Edward Stuart was among the audience: "The Italians always called him the King of England, and his servants wore the Royal Livery."

Kelly speaks with rapture of Venice. "Venice, dear, beautiful Venice! Scene of harmony and love! Where all was gaiety and mirth, revelry and pleasure . . . day and night were the gondoliers singing barcarolles, or the Versers of Tasso and Ariosto to Venetian airs" (this was no longer so when Byron lived there); "barges full of musicians on the Grand Canale, serenading their enamoratas; the Piazza of San Marc brilliantly lighted up; ten thousand masks and ballad singers; the coffee houses filled with beautiful women with their *cicisbeos* . . . Venice was the paradise of women." It was not altogether safe, however, for the traveller. The streets were full of spies; and a word breathed against the laws and customs of the city might have serious consequences. But Kelly was not of a quarrelsome nature, the few



MUSICIAN, ACTOR, AND BON VIVEUR: MICHAEL KELLY AT THE AGE OF 62.

From the Portrait by A. Wipell.

disputes in which he got involved were never of his own seeking. He enjoyed a great success in Venice, both socially and professionally. During his second visit Anna Storace arrived and created a furore with her singing; but fame has its penalties, and the diva was much annoyed to find that a courtesan of the town had (according to custom) hung her portrait out of the window and inscribed it "Portrait of Anna Storace's sister." The prima donna, who had no sister, was not grateful for this dubious advertisement.

In Vienna Kelly met Mozart and Gluck, and heard Haydn play in a quartette. "Mozart was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fair fine hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself and passed a great deal of my time there. He was remarkably fond of punch . . . . He was also fond of billiards . . . . He was kind-hearted and always ready to oblige, but so very particular when he played, that if the slightest noise were made he instantly left off." He complimented Kelly on a tune he had written, and composed variations on it, but did not advise him to learn counterpoint. "Melody is the essence of music: I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post horses."

Kelly spent three years in Vienna and made himself generally liked; he was a particular favourite with Joseph II., that liberal-minded Emperor, whose idiosyncrasies he faithfully records, even to his partiality for boiled bacon and his unceasing consumption of chocolate drops. When he asked for six months' leave the Emperor granted him twelve, his full salary to be paid the whole time. This incident seems to give the lie to Horace Walpole, who "could scarcely believe that his Imperial Rapacity loves the arts better than money." But the truth was that all the notabilities of Vienna from the Emperor down vied

(Continued on page 226.)



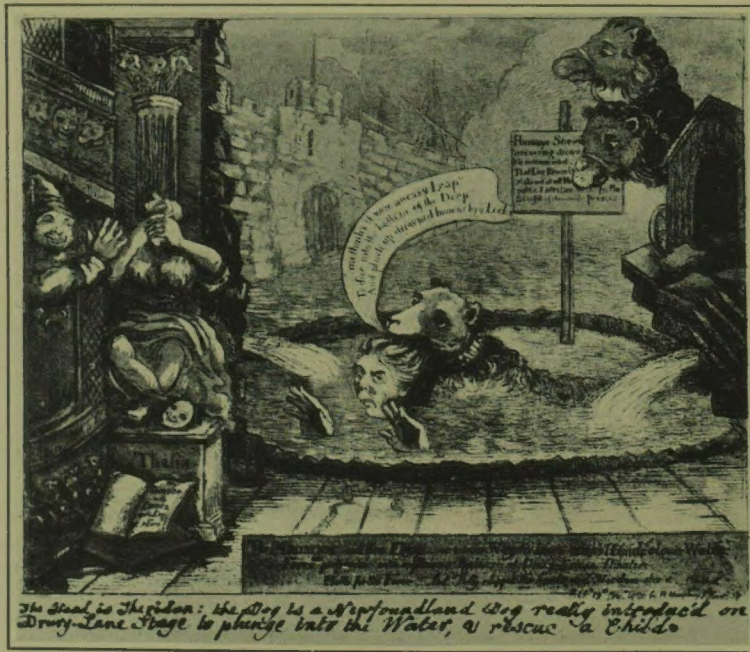
ON THE DAY ON WHICH KELLY TWICE SAW GEORGE III. IN PERIL: THE ATTEMPT ON THE KING'S LIFE IN DRURY LANE THEATRE ON MAY 15, 1800.

On the morning of May 15, 1800, a Navy Office clerk who was some twenty-three feet away from George III. was wounded by a shot accidentally discharged while the King was reviewing the Grenadier Battalion of his Foot Guards in Hyde Park. Kelly saw this occurrence. That same evening the King went to Drury Lane Theatre with his family, and had just entered the Royal Box when a man in the pit, on the right of the orchestra, fired a pistol at him. He missed, was arrested, was found to be an insane ex-soldier, and was sent to Bethlem. Kelly, who was at the stage-door, opposite the Royal Box, when the shot was fired, is presumed to be the figure seen on the stage in the illustration.

up the extracts from the diary with passages of his own, narrative, historical, explanatory; but he is a discreet and accomplished editor, and his source of information is the fountain-head, not Hook's thin and tainted substitute.

Michael Kelly, whose father combined the business of a wine merchant with the office of Master of the Ceremonies at Dublin Castle, was a child prodigy. He had "a powerful soprano voice," and "at fifteen or sixteen years of age made two very successful appearances on the operatic stage of Dublin." His father was persuaded that the boy ought to study music in Italy, and in 1779 he set off alone, with a good supply of sea-stores, a gold watch, and ten guineas. The voyage, like the whole of Kelly's career, was eventful. His ship was boarded by the crew of an American privateer, and encountered a violent storm, before it reached Naples.

Kelly had an introduction to Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador there; his first performance was at Sir William's house in the presence of Lady Hamilton—about whom he does not tell us a great deal except that, in later years, she had a genius for publicity—and he immediately made the acquaintance of several people of note, including his musical instructor, the famous Finaroli. Kelly always had a knack of falling on his feet, though he was a happy-go-lucky fellow, and three-quarters of an hour late for his first important appointment. Sir William gave him a piece of advice which he never forgot:



WHEN A PERFORMING DOG WAS CHIEF ACTOR AT DRURY LANE, IN SUCCESSION TO MRS. SIDDONS AND KEMBLE! A CARTOON OF SHERIDAN AND DRURY LANE THEATRE SAVED FROM RUIN BY THE DOG CARLO IN "THE CARAVAN," 1803.

"Finally a performing dog was the chief actor on the boards of Drury Lane. . . . This was in *The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog* (December, 1803). The principal attraction . . . was the dog called Carlo, who, when he leapt into a stream of real water and saved a child, received nightly the most tumultuous applause."

Reproductions from "Michael Kelly," by Courtesy of Mr. S. M. Ellis, the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Victor Gollancz.

\* "The Life of Michael Kelly: Musician, Actor and Bon Vivere (1762-1826)." By S. M. Ellis. (Gollancz; 25s. net.)



# THE KEY TO A CAPITAL ON THE EDGE OF A VOLCANO: AN AIR-PHOTOGRAPH.

AIR-PHOTOGRAPH BY PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS; SUPPLIED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON.



THE CRATER BY WHICH MANAGUA THRIVES, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE EXTINCT VOLCANO WHICH HAS FORT LA LOMA, THE MILITARY KEY TO THE NICARAGUAN CAPITAL, ON ITS SIDE (LEFT CENTRE).

Managua, seat of the Nicaraguan Government, has held its proud position as capital since 1855, when, as a consequence of the fierce and constant rivalry between Granada and León, it was chosen to be not only the chief city of the country, but the seat of an Archbishop. It is on the southern shore of Lake Managua, and close to it, in the hills, is the famous crater and park. Lake Managua is divided from the Pacific by a low range of volcanic hills, and on its shore is

the volcano of Momotombo. The fortified hill, La Loma, is the military key to Managua. Lake Managua and Lake Nicaragua, it may be added, are the most noteworthy physical features of the country, and they are linked to one another by the Tipitapa River. The former is 38 miles long, and has a breadth of from 10 to 16 miles; the latter, which is the largest lake south of the Great Lakes of the United States and Canada, is about 100 miles long and 45 miles wide.



PEOPLE setting out for Central America have a very highly-coloured idea of what they expect to find between the romantic shores of the Bay of Amatique and the foaming breakers of the far Pacific; but, whatever disappointments Westward Ho! may hold in store, it will not be the Volcanoes. They are beautiful, majestic, terrible, quite unlike anything in the Old Country, an awful menace and reminder that here we are in a part of the world where, for all the rapid spread of civilisation and the power of man, the pent-up forces of Nature are still as fierce, untamed, and uncontrollable as they were a hundred thousand years ago.

Approaching the city of Guatemala from Puerto Barrios on the wonderfully engineered mountain railway, I got my first glimpse of a volcano. It was the famous, or notorious, Volcan Agua, her dark-blue outline splendidly clear-cut and regular as an Egyptian pyramid against the tropical sunset, thrusting her sharp cone through a wreath of solid white cloud thousands of feet up and up into the pink-flushed sky. We were already five thousand feet above sea level, but she towered over the surrounding plateau with its rolling volcanic slopes and yawning *barrancos* thousands of feet higher still, dominating the scene for hundreds of miles. Nowhere can you escape Agua. You can see her unmistakable peak jutting out from the long sierra of less notable volcanoes from one end of the Republic to the other, from the borders of Mexico to the shores of Salvador. She overshadows the old cities and the new; for hours on end the railway line to San José de Guatemala hangs on her unescapable flanks; she is a landmark for the San Francisco to Panama boats far out on the Pacific; she catches the high-floating clouds on the point of her lance, and slices the light from the waters of Amátilán as with a knife.

She is said to be extinct now, but she has seen three great cities, to say nothing of a score of *pueblos*, lying in ruins at her feet. In 1541 she utterly destroyed the first Spanish capital, Ciudad Vieja, drowning the beautiful Doña Beatriz with all her Maids of Honour in a devastating flood of water from her splitting crater (hence the name Agua). In 1776 she shattered to pieces the lovely city now called Guatemala Antigua, whose ruins are still among the most picturesque and interesting in the world. In 1918 her imprisoned fury, unable to find an outlet in eruption, dashed the present city of Guatemala to the ground with the loss of hundreds of lives. To-day, from time to time, she still takes the capital (now however, built of "earthquake-proof" ferro-concrete) by the throat, and shakes it as a terrier shakes a rat, and you can still scald an egg in the sulphurous waters of the lake which boils about her feet. So it is perhaps premature to speak of her as "dead."

Those of the inhabitants who were living here twelve years ago have still very lively memories of those dreadful days. From the end of the wet season onwards, the earth tremors had been growing in frequency and strength, until at length, on the night

of Christmas Day, the whole earth seemed to have been suddenly lifted, slung wildly to and fro, then dropped again. Terrified merry-makers, rushing for safety to the open plaza or their *patios*, found the house-doors jammed. Heavy furniture was flung across the room. Beneath the floors, as though only a yard or two below, sounded resonant blows as of a giant knocking upwards at the crust of earth, and with a hollow rumble great boulders could be heard tumbling down to a bottomless pit. Fires from overturned lamps and fused electric wires broke out. Those who escaped from the rocking buildings to sleep in tents or in the open spaces found themselves perishing with the cold, for the nights are all but freezing at this time of the year. Later

## An Awful Menace: Long "Dead"

"A volcanic eruption, like an earthquake,

It need hardly be said that the violent earthquake shocks which have just caused so many casualties and so much material damage in Italy led to discussion as to the states of the ever-menacing Mount Vesuvius, which was glowing threateningly; Pozzuoli, which was in eruption; and the extinct Mount Vulture. Concerning this last, the "Times" said: "The origin of the initial disturbance is attributed either to fiery explosions or infiltration into the basin of the now

But appearances are deceptive. The Volcan Salvador, for instance, looks comparatively small as it hangs prettily and peacefully over the Campo de Marte of the city from which it takes its name. On one side the cone rises sharply and symmetrically upward to the acute angle of the summit, but on the other side it degenerates into a gently sloping saddle-back hill. Like all volcanoes, its pinnacle is usually



A CATAclysm THAT DESTROYED 1000 LIVES: THE SUDDEN ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO SANTA MARIA, WITH SANTIAGO (OR LA HIJA, ITS "DAUGHTER" PEAK) ON NOVEMBER 3, 1929—A VIEW OF THE SANTIAGO CRATER FROM AN AEROPLANE (PARTLY VISIBLE).

on, for the earthquake lasted well into the New Year, there was looting, shooting, hunger, and a wild rush to escape from the apparently doomed city. The railway from San José was still unbroken, though the passengers had to pass through clouds of scalding steam as they crossed the lake, and the trains ran backwards and forwards as quickly as they could from Guatemala to the safe lowlands, every carriage being crowded to suffocation inside, as well as on running-boards and roof. The railway company (an American concern) seems to have acted splendidly in the crisis; no fares were demanded and every facility was given to the refugees. Many of the Anglo-Saxon colony, however, stuck it out to the bitter end, helped to keep order, looked after the needs of the wounded and hunger-stricken, and later on assisted in restoring and rebuilding the well-nigh ruined city. But they will never really trust Agua again. It is noticeable that ninety-nine per cent. of the buildings are still no more than one storey high, and one or two of the hotels which are higher have testimonials from engineers as to their stability conspicuously posted in the entrance halls. Also everybody keeps a nice thick dressing-gown handy in case it should be necessary to rush out into the open in the dead of night.

Agua, of course, is only one of hundreds of such "extinct" volcanoes. All along the railway line you can see them, Pacaya, Zunil, El Fuego, Acatenango, and the rest. Most of them have the straight, sloping, cone-shaped form of the typical volcano, the grey barren soil thinly covered with rank grass and stunted shrubs, except round the base, where the gorgeous flowering trees and tangled undergrowth luxuriate from year in to year out in tropical profusion. But none of them has quite the same geometrical symmetry as Agua, nor the same splendid isolation. They merge into one another, jagged craters mar the perfect point of their cones, subsidiary fissures interrupt the flowing downward lines, nor are they usually so high above the surrounding plateau. Somehow they do not look so dangerous.

ringed with cloud even in a cloudless sky, but there is no sign of flame or smoke. Until a few years ago, indeed, everyone supposed that the Volcan Salvador, like Agua, was "extinct." And then it erupted, suddenly, incomprehensibly, without any warning. And not from the old crater at the summit of the cone, but from an innocent-looking little hump on its saddleback. A heaving spate of red-hot lava burst from the mountain-side, poured into the valley, sweeping everything before it, and buried miles of the surrounding country, including the English railway (from Acajutla to the capital), under a thick, smoking layer of gigantic cinders. You can see it to-day, stretching on each side of the line for miles, like an infernal coke-yard, enormous jagged black cinders heaped and tumbled over a barren expanse, where no blade of greenstuff can grow, nor any wild life find a resting place. If this flood of destruction had started a few yards higher up and poured down the other side of the hill, nothing could have saved the city of Salvador lying so close and confidently at its base. Fortunately it was spared, but many still turn anxious eyes towards that sinister pile of jutting stones, clearly visible from the city, which mark the edge of the new crater.

So much for the volcanoes that are "extinct." Others there are which are obviously very much alive. Approaching Acajutla from the Pacific in the early morning, the first thing that strikes your eye is the pillar of flame soaring from the shadowy peak of Volcan Izalco. It is an impressive spectacle, the first red streaks of dawn behind you, and in front from the low black land this fiery sword brandished ever so slightly in the morning air. As the day breaks, you perceive that the flame is swathed in a thick coiling cloud of sulphur-yellow smoke, which gradually grows lighter in hue, until, with the sun well above the horizon, the flame of fire has disappeared and nothing but a pink-tinged column of white smoke is left, an upright fluff of feather against the cold blue sky behind. Such is the Volcan Izalco seen from the sea.

Still more menacing is the little volcano of Santa Maria, which lies between Champerico on the Pacific and the towering table-land of Quezaltenango de Guatemala. Up to a few years ago this volcano, too, was thought to be, if not extinct, at any rate harmless, and all around its base the mountain slopes have



BELIEVED TO BE EXTINCT UNTIL IT SUDDENLY ERUPTED A FEW YEARS AGO AND POURED A STREAM OF LAVA OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE: THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO SALVADOR.



# Volcanoes That Awakened to Life.

brings with it a sense of utter helplessness."

extinct volcano of Monte Vulture." For that reason, we publish this very interesting article on the volcano Salvador, which, deemed "dead" for years, suddenly came to devastating life; on Santa Maria; and, especially, on Santa Maria's daughter peak, Santiago (or La Hija), which suddenly became active last year and rained red-hot sand and burning cinders on the adjacent villages, causing the loss of some thousand lives.

been planted with coffee, and many pleasantly situated little *fincas* have been established, well watered by many rushing streams, and not too far from the indispensable railway line. This is the volcano that threw up a new crater some five years ago, destroying much property and life, and the same volcano whose daughter peak, Santiago, erupted so unexpectedly and savagely in November last.

another small peak of Santa Maria, called La Hija (The Daughter) or often Santiago, had suddenly become active. Without any warning, a rain of red-hot sand and burning cinders had descended on the adjacent villages, setting fire to the thatched houses, and making it equally impossible to remain within them or to escape. Even so, much of the loss of life might have been prevented, and many of

The whole earth seemed to have distilled into a down-pour of cinders, hot sand, and suffocating mud. Fortunately, the *fincas* on that side of the hill suffered no worse damage than that.

It was not until late on the next day (Sunday) that it was realised what had happened, and what serious damage to life and property had been suffered on the other side. Apparently

began to flow from the rumbling crater, and which swept over the ground in torrents a hundred yards wide at the speed of a man's run. To this day the smooth, grey lava stream, now cold and hard, is set with charred bones, complete skeletons stripped of all flesh, half-buried in the molten stone. One party of a dozen souls was cut off on a little island surrounded by the tide of lava which slowly rose and engulfed them, while the rescuers looked helplessly on. Others perished in the streams of boiling water which flooded all the low-lying land. The lava, pouring down the mountain side and naturally seeking the lowest levels, rushed into the many rivers thereabouts, set the water a-boil, and finally, blocking up the stream or filling the river bed, sent the boiling water flooding over the banks to add yet another horror to the scene. Wooden bridges caught fire and were burnt away; bridges of metal and stone were broken down by the weight of the lava rush, so that the fiery furnace became for too many a prison from which it was impossible to escape. And, as though that were not enough, scarcely had the first fury of the eruption stopped, and the rescue-parties from the capital, from Quezaltenango, and from Retalhuleu made their appearance, when torrential showers of tropical rain descended and continued for days.

A volcanic eruption, like an earthquake, brings with it a sense of utter helplessness. There is nothing to be done. Yet in the midst of this appalling cataclysm, while the night was hideous with shrieks of agony, and the lurid flames from the crater or from blazing ranches provided the only light for the masses of Indians running hither and thither in blind panic through the suffocating fumes, there were many acts of courage to record. *Finqueros* leaped from boulder to boulder over boiling streams, or crept precariously along the charred trunks of fallen trees to gather the women and children into some comparatively safe concrete refuge. The telegraphist at El Palmar, one David Rodriguez, stuck to his post all that terrible Sunday, while the burning ashes fell around the office, and the stream of lava crept right up to the very gate whence lay his only escape. A plucky driver of a motor-truck, Gustavo Toledo by name, when he realised that the village was in danger, actually turned his *camion*, covered the hood of it with tarpaulins and broad banana leaves, and drove straight into the thick of the rain of fire, saving many lives. The doctors, too, when they arrived with the Red Cross, were wonderfully thorough and intrepid in seeking the wounded.

Meanwhile the whole of the Republic was on edge with sympathy and anxiety. The newspapers issued special editions, including the most terrible pictures taken on the spot, pictures such as no European paper would have the heart to publish. The Cruz Roja (Red Cross) and Boy Scouts did everything in their power to succour the wounded and homeless. The *finca* managers of such plantations as had been only slightly damaged made strenuous efforts to gather together their *mozos* for the coffee harvest which was just beginning. The Indians themselves once more exhibited their marvellous recuperative powers. And within a month the worst ravages of the disaster had been repaired. But the village of El Palmar is still a heap of blackened ruins, many of the *fincas* will never hull another coffee berry, and within a mile or two of the railway, as it runs from Mulua to Coatepeque, the crater of Santiago can be clearly seen still smoking heavily by day, still a mass of flame at night. And that is what a volcano can really be like when it tries. STEPHEN PROCTER.



WHERE HUNDREDS OF VICTIMS WERE ENGULFED IN RIVERS OF RED-HOT LAVA: ANOTHER AIR VIEW OF THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO SANTIAGO ("DAUGHTER" PEAK OF THE VOLCANO SANTA MARIA) IN ERUPTION LAST NOVEMBER.

I saw it for the first time, a week before the eruption, from a *finca* some three miles away, and a wonderful spectacle it was. Halfway up the isosceles triangle of the old volcano could be seen a great jagged gash in the earth where the five-year-old crater was still faintly smoking above a long grey lava-channel that split the hillside down to the green banana groves and flowering woods below. The path on which I walked was still paved with the crushed pumice stone and volcanic powder of that eruption, and thick layers of dust lay amongst the coffee plants, for the shower of fire and sand had spread for fifteen miles around. At night the spectacle was still more impressive. From a dimly-seen point in the blackness over the tree-tops suddenly a jet of fire would shoot into the sky, lighting up the whole countryside. Then a slow stream of red-hot lava oozed over the lip and wound its devious way down the mountain-side, till the blackness was divided as by a scimitar of fire. Little by little, the incandescence cooled, and all was dark again, until two or three minutes later the whole exhibition was repeated. And in this way, I was told, Santa Maria had been behaving now for months, but there was no danger as long as she confined herself to this. Meanwhile, I was not surprised to be told that the Indians still surreptitiously worshipped the Fire God on the mountain top with mysterious rites that no white man had ever dared to disturb, except a party of young fellows some fifteen years ago, who had their throats cut and their bodies hideously mutilated by the Witch Doctor's machete for their temerity. But I did see an old Maya zoomorph, a hideous head carved in stone, covered with curious stains, to which I was assured the Indians still offered sacrifice of lighted candles and the blood of rams. Still, nobody was seriously alarmed about Santa Maria. If anything, it was thought to be a good sign that she was so steadily smoking away; it was a safety valve.

A week later my friends were sitting in the little cinema hall belonging to the *finca*, when (it was about nine o'clock on Saturday night, November 2) the corrugated iron roof was struck by what sounded like a shower of heavy hail. Some of the *mozos* (Indian labourers) started up at once, and soon there was a general panic amongst them. The *finca* manager went to investigate. When he returned to the ladies, his toupé and white drill suit were black with slime.

those who kept their heads were able to get out of the danger zone, to take refuge in the town of Retalhuleu, some ten miles away. But that Saturday had been a *fiesta*, and hundreds of the *mozos* were sleeping off the effects of the local *aguardiente* or White Eye. On that Sunday and the following days it was estimated that a thousand lives were lost.

Some perished in the flames caused by the shower of fire, but many were more mercifully asphyxiated by the fumes of poisonous gas which crept along the ground, a tide of death about a yard deep. Many refugees, their bare feet blistering on the scorching carpet strewn by the volcano, collapsed into this poison cloud and died. Others suffered a more horrible fate, overtaken by the rivers of lava which



"HALF-WAY UP THE ISOSCELES TRIANGLE OF THE OLD VOLCANO COULD BE SEEN A GREAT JAGGED GASH IN THE EARTH": THE NEW CRATER OF SANTA MARIA, SMOKING ABOVE A LAVA CHANNEL THAT SPLIT THE HILLSIDE.



## THE MOST HISTORIC ITALIAN DISASTER, WHICH STILL PROVIDES THE WORLD WITH "FINDS" OF THE VERY GREATEST INTEREST.

IN view of the earthquake calamity in Southern Italy, the most recent discoveries in Pompeii take unto themselves an additional glamour: are they not relics of what may be called Italy's most historic disaster—the final overwhelming of the prosperous provincial town which was almost completely destroyed by the earthquake of 63 A.D.; was re-erected only to be buried beneath the pumice-stone and ashes from Vesuvius in August, 79; and was destined to be lost until 1748, when a peasant's treasure-trove of statues and bronze utensils led Charles III. to order excavations.



THOUGHT TO HAVE BELONGED TO CASCA, ONE OF THE MURDERERS OF JULIUS CAESAR: THE MARBLE BASE OF A TABLE FOUND IN POMPEII RECENTLY. EACH OF THE SQUARE BLOCKS ON THE LIONS' HEADS BEARING THE WORD "CASCA."



FOUND IN THE GARDEN OF THE SO-CALLED HOUSE OF TIBERTINUS: A LITTLE TEMPLE, WITH A MARBLE SLEEPING FIGURE.



ALSO FOUND IN THE GARDEN OF THE SO-CALLED HOUSE OF TIBERTINUS: AN ORNAMENTAL FOUNTAIN OF MUCH INTEREST.

## A TABLE OF CASCA, MURDERER OF CAESAR?

FRESH DISCOVERIES MADE RECENTLY  
DURING THE POMPEIAN EXCAVATIONS.

THE GOD OF  
BREAD: A  
DISCOVERY  
MADE IN THE  
DINING-ROOM  
OF A  
POMPEIAN  
HOUSE  
DURING THE  
RECENT  
EXCAVATIONS  
ON THE SITE  
OF ITALY'S  
MOST  
HISTORIC  
DISASTER.



IN THE HOUSE OF TIBERTINUS: FRESCOS WHICH HAVE RETAINED THE FRESHNESS OF THEIR COLOURS: ON THE ONE SIDE, A SEATED NARCISSUS; ON THE OTHER, PYRAMUS AND THISBE.



IN THE STREET OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS: A  
EXCAVATED WAY AND (ON THE RIGHT, X)



PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF THE NEWLY  
A HOUSE THAT IS NOW BEING EXPLORED.



A CHARACTERISTIC WELL WITH VARIOUS WATER-CONDUITS: ONE OF THE DISCOVERIES MADE DURING  
THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN THE GARDEN OF THE BUILDING KNOWN AS THE HOUSE OF TIBERTINUS

To the various new "finds" made at Pompeii in recent times must be added the objects here illustrated. Concerning the first—the "Casca" table—it should be said that this is of marble and that, as the photograph shows, the top is missing. This had place, of course, on the square blocks rising from the lions' heads. The loss, considerable as it is, has also proved to be a gain. The "Times" correspondent noted: "The absence of the table-top has . . . brought to light the fact that on the surface of each of the three blocks is carved the word 'Casca.' The theory is advanced that this table was at some time the property of the Casca who was one of the murderers of Julius Caesar. Casca used to have a house in Pompeii, though it is not certain that

it was the house in front of which the table was found. It is not impossible that the table was purchased by some other patrician living at Pompeii and brought there from Rome." At least, the speculation is one of outstanding interest: alas! that the ownership can never be determined with certainty. The garden of another house in Pompeii—the so-called House of Tibertinus—yielded the little temple with the marble sleeping figure which is shown in the second photograph; and it also gave up to the excavators the ornamental fountain of the third picture, as well as the coloured frescoes of Narcissus and Pyramus and Thisbe, and the characteristic well and water-conduits seen in the seventh photograph.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## THE GENIUS OF WALT DISNEY.

IT is perhaps rather late in the day to sing the praises of Mickey Mouse. But a new Walt Disney invention, included in the current programme at the Carlton Theatre, to which it brings a note of

art can express so well the sheer beauty of line in motion, of rhythm, and the entrancing loveliness of pattern. Therefore, I think, he sought a wider field of expression in the "Silly Symphonies." Here, again, on the surface, humour reigns supreme, but beneath the surface what masterly handling of black and white, what a superb sense of flowing form! In the cartoon at the Carlton he has found ideal material for his inspired pencil. (Let me say, in parenthesis, that though by this time his output would seem to exceed the possibilities of his single labour, his personal inspiration yet remains apparent.) "Frolicking Fish" is a charming work of art. The suave curves of finny revellers, their mazy revolutions round and about the waving fronds of seaweed, combine with

are as funny as can be. No need to bother about the pattern unless you want to. But, if you do, you will recognise with me the importance of Walt Disney's art.

## DRAMATISING THE ANTARCTIC.

The achievement of Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd in reaching the South Pole by air is an event of universal interest, and its pictorial record, no matter how it be set before us, commands respect and attention. Nor can we quarrel with the enterprise that determined to extract every ounce of pictorial value from a land where scenic beauty, unspoiled, immaculate, overwhelmingly grandiose, seems to transcend the grandeur of kindlier climes. We have had plenty of travel pictures wherein the inexperience and actual lack of skill of the photographer understated the splendours of surroundings, and even the arduous of the expedition. Two of the Paramount Company's finest camera-men accompanied Commander Byrd on his quest to the Antarctic, and to them we owe pictures of unimpeachable perfection, pictures that will not easily be forgotten. The terrible blizzards of the Polar regions, driving the frozen snow before them with appalling speed, possess, even on the screen, a knife-edge keenness that can be almost felt. The great ramparts of ice, towering peak and smooth unbroken line, are superb in the bright light of the



AN AMERICAN FILM THAT AIMS AT REPRODUCING AN ENGLISH ATMOSPHERE: RONALD COLMAN IN "RAFFLES," WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT THE TIVOLI ON AUGUST 4.

In the above photograph the actors (reading from left to right, excluding the two policemen) are David Terence, Ronald Colman, Miss Kay Francis, Frederick Kerr, Bramwell Fletcher, and Wilson Benze. All the players in the picture, with the exception of Miss Kay Francis, are English. "Raffles" is a Samuel Goldwyn production.

undiluted joy, has stirred afresh my admiration and appreciation of the genius of Walt Disney. Science has developed the technical side of screen-craft to an amazing extent. Science, moreover, has several new tricks up its sleeve, notably the development of television in connection with kinematic entertainment. At no far distant time television will be perfected to such a degree, one supposes, that it will make a definite invasion of the kinemas, and audiences will be able to see on the screen the transmitted pictorial records of events actually taking place at the moment. Between them, the electrician and the engineer keep the world of the kinema in that fluid state which promises fresh upheaval at any moment, and in which a healthy condition of progress flourishes. Compared to such scientific activity the art of the kinema is comparatively, though not entirely, static. Undoubtedly, the most definite contribution to this side of the medal that has been made of late comes from Walt Disney. On the surface the Mickey Mouse saga was but a joyous continuation of Felix the Cat's adventures. But where "Felix kept on walking," Mickey bounded, skipped, danced on to the very peaks of *joie de vivre*. Disney has endowed his creation with a whimsical appeal as universal as Chaplin's, and a personality as strong. How he manages to bring his cartoons to such quivering pulsating life is his secret, or, rather, the secret of his genius. Certain it is that Mickey, with his button nose and big boots, is as real a personality on the screen as any living artist. Mickey owes his life to Disney's pencil, yet we of the audience have gradually gained an impression of actual characteristics and of a mentality in that little black-and-white symbol of gaiety which—such is the power of his creator—we do not immediately connect with the artist who shapes his indefatigably enterprising existence. I know that Mickey is kind. I know that his courage is greater than his panics. I know that his slightly Rabelaisian sense of humour will find inspiration in every object, dead or alive, and that it is his mission in life to supply the best of all tonics—laughter. He is almost as near to us, as dear to us, as our own particular doggy pal, and that is why, old and young, we burst into welcoming applause at the mere sight of his name on the screen.

But Walt Disney the artist, the true screen artist, has far more to bring to the kinema than gay adventure. He has realised that no other

the ceaseless play of bubbles into fascinating designs that flow and meet and sever with the endless change of swirling water. Into the innocent translucency of these deep-sea dancers a wicked black octopus thrusts his sable suckers; but even he, intent as he is on his own villainous business, remembers to be graceful. His ominous contortions supply the bass to the light-hearted treble of his prey. The adorable little fishes, with their pouting mouths ejecting pearly bubbles with admirable precision,



MADE UP OF INCIDENTS SELECTED FROM W. E. HORNUNG'S FAMOUS SHORT STORIES AND PLAY: A MOMENT OF THRILLING SUSPENSE OVER LADY MELROSE'S DIAMOND NECKLACE IN "RAFFLES."



THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN AT WORK: "RAFFLES" (RONALD COLMAN), WHO HAS UNDERTAKEN TO OBTAIN THE DIAMOND NECKLACE TO HELP HIS FRIEND "BUNNY," GETS AT THE SAFE. The picture proves without a doubt that Hollywood can catch a perfect English atmosphere. The only serious mistake is, perhaps, that the producer has allowed for a "London particular" fog in the middle of the summer! A country-house cricket match is convincingly and humorously staged, showing the host, old Lord Melrose, going in to bat last wicket.

long summer day and inexpressibly majestic when, during the six months of night, the flares of the invaders turn their menacing crags into a macabre setting of black and white. The endurance and activity of men and dogs; the lighter moments of play with penguin and seal; the skill that fashioned a veritable city in the snow at the Main Base and a hangar of ice for the all-conquering aeroplane—all have pictorial excellence added to their actual interest. But, whether by superior direction or because the excellence of the camera-men held out a temptation not easy to resist, there is in this picture, "With Byrd at the South Pole," an element of conscious dramatisation which is to be deplored. From a sick dog to suspense amongst the men waiting for news of their intrepid commander, all is grist to the mill of the Hollywood outlook. And the Hollywood outlook has achieved the seemingly impossible—it has invaded the Antarctic. Surely the isolation of a handful of men on an inhospitable shore, whence escape is only possible with the return of their ship, is sufficiently impressive without the addition of the familiar photograph from home, exchanged with suitable gestures! Such deliberate "registering" of emotions, such staging of "effects," not only belittle fine endeavour, but do scant justice to the imagination of the public. The spectacular treatment of Byrd's great exploit opens up the whole question of the introduction of fictional matter or even of sophistication—shall we call it?—into pictures of travel and of pioneering.



## A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT: A NOCTURNAL SPORTS MEETING.



A SNAPSHOT WHICH WAS MADE DURING AN ARCTIC NIGHT, AND IS AT ONCE A PROOF OF THE STRENGTH OF ICELAND'S CONSTANT SUMMER-DAYLIGHT AND THE PROFICIENCY OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY: MIDNIGHT DRILL.

For a sports meeting to start at midnight and go on till the small hours of the morning sounds strange in England, but in Iceland it is a common occurrence. Perhaps surprise will be increased by the knowledge that photographs as clear and distinct as that here reproduced can be taken without any aid from artificial light whatsoever. This is due to the high latitude in which Iceland is situated—

the northern parts of the island lying actually on the Arctic Circle. The result is constant daylight for the inhabitants in the summer, daylight as strong at least as that on a wet English afternoon. For this, however, the inhabitants pay in the winter months, when daylight lasts for as little as two hours. The photograph records an incident of the sports meeting—a display by girl athletes.



## THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY: RED CROSS WORK IN A DEVASTATED AREA.



THE ITALIAN RED CROSS TO THE AID OF THE SUFFERERS: INJURED WOMEN AND CHILDREN SUCCOURED IN ONE OF THE SHOCK-WRECKED AREAS.



HELPING THE INJURED CHILDREN: DOCTORS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ITALIAN ARMY CARRYING LITTLE SUFFERERS TO SAFE QUARTERS AFTER HAVING DRESSED THEIR HURTS.

At the moment of writing, it is impossible to give precise figures as to the number of casualties or the material damage caused by the great earthquake shocks in Southern Italy in the early hours of July 23. The first official account stated that deaths numbered 1774, that 4264 persons had been injured, that 3188 buildings had been destroyed, and that 2757 buildings had been damaged. It soon became apparent, however, that this was an underestimate; and by the Sunday it had been announced that the dead totalled 2142, and the injured not fewer than 4551.

Needless to say, relief work began immediately, and everything possible was done to ameliorate the lot of the injured and the homeless. Many families are lodged in public buildings, and others are being cared for in military tents hurriedly erected for the purpose. Particularly efficient service was rendered by a Red Cross train from Rome, which, with doctors, bearers, and medical supplies, carried wagon-loads of mattresses. Orphans of the earthquake zone have been sent to Naples and to Foggia, and are being taken thence to various families and institutions.



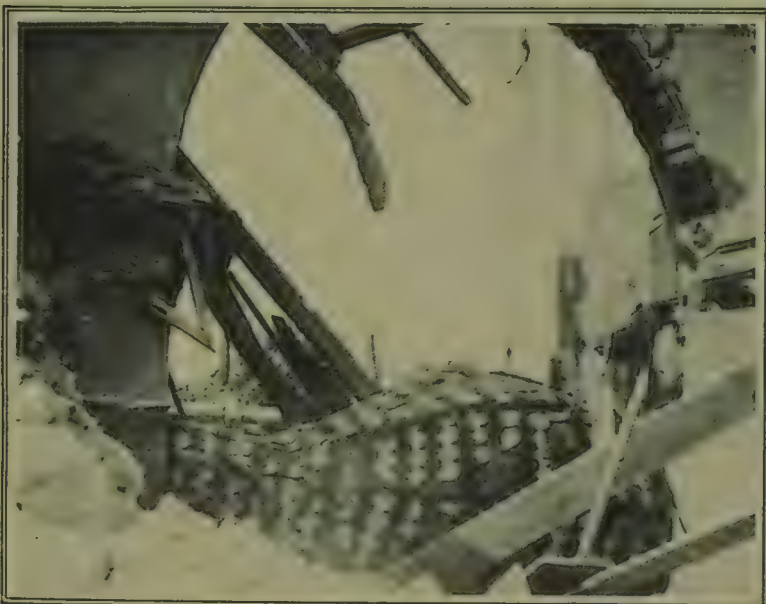
## IN THE HEART OF THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE: MELFI RUINS—FROM THE AIR.

IN 1851 an earthquake completely ruined Melfi. The shocks on July 23 were not as devastating as that, but they did much damage, and early accounts gave the town's dead as 160. Still later it was reported that one of its quarters had been destroyed almost utterly, that many structures were so cracked that they would have to be rased to the ground, and that the historic old castle of the Norman sovereigns had suffered severely. Commenting on the 27th, a "Times" correspondent noted: "Montecalvo and Melfi . . . appear, at first sight, to be much less

[Continued opposite.



*Continued.]* badly damaged than they really are, as the outer walls remain as empty shells to roofless interiors." The same writer, dealing with the havoc in general, said: "From the skeletons of the ruined houses one can see that most of them were of poor and flimsy construction. Most of the newer and more solid buildings stood the shock." As to Melfi, a centre of the oil and wine trade, on the slope of Mount Vulture, it should be said that the Castle (seen at the top right corner of the air-view showing earthquake devastation) is that of the Norman sovereigns. This was rebuilt almost entirely in 1270-80, and in recent years it was restored by Prince Dorfa as a château. The Cathedral of 1155 was ruined by the 1851 earthquake, and afterwards rebuilt.



WHERE THE BETTER BUILDINGS STOOD, BUT THE POORER AND OLDER COLLAPSED: RAVAGED MELFI AND ITS DAMAGED CASTLE SEEN FROM THE AIR; THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL DOME (LEFT); AND FALLEN HOUSES.



## "DURATION PERIOD OF OSCILLATIONS—FIFTEEN SECONDS": EARTHQUAKE DAMAGE



BED-ROOMS AND LIVING-ROOMS WITH THEIR OUTER WALLS WRENCHED AWAY BY THE SHOCK: A HOUSE, IN THE VIA CASANOVA, NAPLES, FROM WHICH TWO DEAD AND FIVE INJURED WERE REMOVED.



SUGGESTING AN EVACUATION-SCENE OF THE GREAT WAR: REFUGEES, FLEEING FROM THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE, RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE NEAR ARIANO.



RESTORING COMMUNICATIONS: CLERKS OF THE TELEGRAPH AND POSTAL SERVICE WORKING IN THE OPEN AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO LINK THE DEVASTATED AREAS WITH OTHER CENTRES OF ITALY.



THE KING OF ITALY ON HIS TOUR OF COMMISSERATION AND ASSISTANCE: HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY MONSIGNOR GIULIO TOMMASI, ARCHBISHOP OF CONZA, VISITING DAMAGED LACEDONIA.



AT MELFI, IN THE HEART OF THE DEVASTATED AREA: SUFFERERS HOUSED TEMPORARILY IN A TENT BEFORE REMOVAL TO A HOSPITAL PROPER.

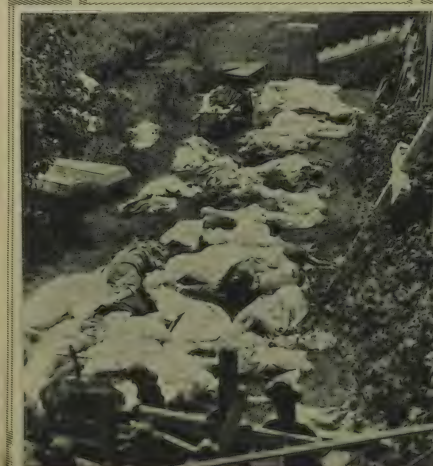


SHELTER IN THE OPEN FOR A FAMILY RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE SHOCKS: A RUDE TENT NEAR ARIANO, ONE OF VERY MANY OTHERS RAISED HASTILY UNTIL BETTER ACCOMMODATION COULD BE FOUND.

## ATIONS—FIFTEEN SECONDS": IN SOUTHERN ITALY.



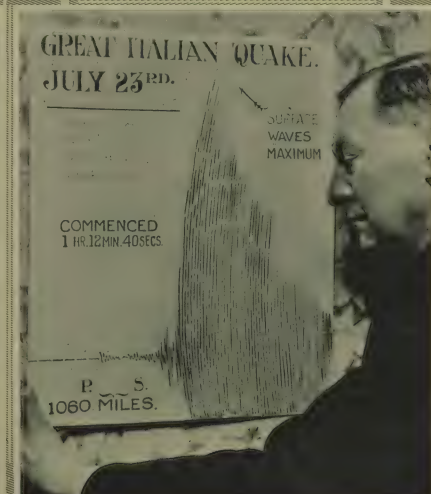
IN ONE OF THE DISTRICTS WHICH SUFFERED MOST SEVERELY, ESPECIALLY SO FAR AS ITS OLDER AND POORER HOUSES WERE CONCERNED: RUINED STRUCTURES.



IN BASILICATA: THE BODIES OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS OF THE EARTHQUAKE LAID SIDE BY SIDE IN A CEMETERY AWAITING INTERMENT.



IN MELFI, MUCH OF WHICH LOOKS LIKE A "DEVASTATED AREA" OF THE GREAT WAR: A SCENE IN THE RAVAGED DISTRICT; AND SEARCHERS.



A BRITISH RECORD OF THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE: THE SHOCKS AS REGISTERED BY THE SEISMOGRAPH AT THE WEST BROMWICH OBSERVATORY.

As noted on other pages, the earthquake shocks which visited Southern Italy early on, July 23 caused many casualties and did much damage. The reports are still a trifle confused, as is only natural; but it would seem that the regions hardest hit, apart from the Melfi zone, which the earlier news stated to have suffered most, are the areas about Villanova, Aquilona, and Lacedonia, while, to particularise, serious news has come also from such centres as Monte Calvo, Ariano, Battista, Bisaccia, and Accadia. Melfi is dealt with, to some extent, elsewhere; but it may be added that it soon became largely a district of tents, providing shelter for the homeless. With regard to certain of the other places dealt with in our photographs, the following notes may be given. In Naples, the damage done was not very extensive, although a number of families were ordered to leave their houses, which had become unsafe. Lacedonia, Villanova, Aquilona, and Accadia suffered terribly; particularly Villanova, where practically not a house was left standing. The loss of life was, as already noted, very large, but it is interesting to quote a note in the "Times" as to why it was not even bigger: "One mitigating feature of the disaster is that it happened in harvest time, when many people were sleeping out in the fields in order to save time in getting to and from their work. These might well

have been crushed in their houses had the shock come in the winter." As to the cause of the shock, the same correspondent may be cited: "When one has made a tour of the whole area and then traced upon the map one's course through the hill-top villages it is possible to account for the manner in which some places have been destroyed whereas others quite near have remained intact. The scientific explanation offered is that the tremors ran along the vertebrae of that section of the Apennine range which has its epicentre in eastern Basilicata. The shock would be communicated instantaneously and with almost equal force from "one of these closely wedged rocks to another for a considerable distance, but would be deadened and even smothered where this artery of rocks merged into softer earth. These villages like Gossolvo, although near the centre of the disaster, escaped in virtue of their having been built on earth mounds, while others like Ariano and Accadia, situated on hills of volcanic rock, were shaken." It may also be remarked that the shock was recorded at several places in England. Our last photograph shows the record at West Bromwich Observatory, in Staffordshire. The record at Kew showed the duration period of oscillations as being of fifteen seconds. The vertical movement of the ground was one-thirtieth of an inch, and the horizontal movement was much smaller.



# "HILLS" GIVEN TO WINCHESTER COLLEGE: ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.



GIVEN TO WINCHESTER COLLEGE BY THE OLD WYKEHAMIST LODGE OF FREEMASONS: ST. CATHERINE'S HILL—"HILLS"—ONCE THE ONLY PLAYGROUND FOR THE BOYS; WITH TRENCH (ACROSS HILL), MISERY CORNER (LEFT END OF TRENCH), LABYRINTH, CHALK PIT (FOOT OF HILL), AND CLUMP.



LABYRINTH: THE MAZE CUT ON THE TOP OF HILLS; PROBABLY CONNECTED WITH ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL, FROM WHICH THE HILL TOOK ITS NAME.



DOMUM CROSS IN TRENCH: "EVERY NEW MAN HAS TO PUT ON TO THE CROSS A STONE TAKEN FROM CHALK PIT, AND THEN BEND DOWN ON HIS KNEES AND KISS IT."

St. Catherine's Hill—"Hills" of Wykehamists—has been presented to Winchester College by the Old Wykehamist Lodge of Freemasons. It had been ecclesiastical property for thirteen hundred years, and it took its name from the chapel to St. Catherine, the Virgin Martyr of Alexandria, which stood upon its heights in the Middle Ages. Formerly, it was the only playground available for those at the College: tradition dates this use of it to the period of the Foundation by Wykeham; but the earliest known reference to the habit of resorting to it was made by the Elizabethan headmaster, Christopher Johnson, in about the year 1565. The following notes are taken from "Winchester College Notions," published by the Booksellers to the College. "Hills. St. Catherine's Hill. . . . There are

certain ceremonies on and about Hills which new men have to go through on the first or second Sunday after their arrival. They are as follows: 1. To climb up Chalk Pit. 2. To toll round Labyrinth from beginning to end. 3. To kneel down and kiss Domum Cross, depositing a stone taken from Chalk Pit, or elsewhere. 4. To toll round Trench. 5. To walk blindfold through Clump. . . . From Misery Corner the legendary author of Domum, the Winchester Song, which is supposed to have been carved on Domum Tree by a man kept back from the holidays, is said to have gazed on the scenes of his former joys. Domum Cross, which is in Trench, is supposed to have been cut by the author of Domum. Clump is a cluster of firs and beeches on Hills. To toll is to run.





### "OUR HERITAGE THE SEA": THE "VICTORY" TRADITION.

The artist, symbolising the spirit of the Navy, sees, as in a dream, the "Victory" in which Nelson fought and died keeping watch over a war-ship of to-day; her ghostly crew, maybe, wondering at the walls of steel that have deposed the wooden walls of Old England; jealous, possibly, of the new speed, envious of those who command it! Let the Poet Laureate speak of these men: "That suffering of theirs has, perhaps, been rewarded by a vision of the ease they won for us. Let us think, too, that patriotism in its true form is of the kind they gave. It is a

thing very holy and very terrible—like life itself: a thing that gives no happiness and no pleasantness, but a hard life, an unknown grave, and the respect and bared heads of those that come after." And so to modernity: with the note that the "County" class of British cruisers, one of which is seen, were constructed under the limitations of the Washington Treaty to carry eight, or, in the case of the two-funnelled "York" and "Exeter," six, eight-inch guns, and that they were designed to steam at some 32 knots.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



Guns of a  
Ship that Fought  
at Jutland  
and is now  
"Featured"  
in a  
Navy Week.

H.M.S. "BARHAM"—here seen "in action" during gunnery and speed trials at Moray Firth—is a battle-ship of the "Queen Elizabeth" class which is open to visitors during the Portsmouth Navy Week. The six 6-in. guns which are seen firing together in the photograph form half of her secondary armament. She also carries 4-in. guns. At the top of the photograph are seen four of the eight 15-in. guns of her main armament—traversed to starboard and ready for action. The "Barham," it should be added, is a war veteran. In May 1916, she formed a unit of the Fifth Battle Squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, which, after the Battle-Cruiser Squadron under Beatty, was the first group of capital ships to come into conflict with the German battle-cruisers under Hipper. At the critical moment of the action, when the German High Seas Fleet first appeared, the "Barham" received a heavy shell which cost her her wireless gear and sixty-three casualties; but, together with Beatty's ships, she was very nearly successful in luring Admiral von Scheer into the deadly trap which was being prepared for him by Jellicoe and the Grand Fleet. She figures, therefore, alongside the mighty and more up-to-date "Nelson," at Portsmouth, as a battle-scarred veteran might do beside a fresh and ardent young warrior, eager to carry on the noble traditions of the Service. To the attractions of the "Navy in Being" at Portsmouth—"Nelson," "Barham," the air-craft-carrier "Furious," cruisers, submarines, and destroyers—is added the 60-ft. model of H.M.S. "Victory," which was illustrated in this paper on July 19. Equally interesting will be the Navy Week at Chatham. There can be seen, beside the battle-ship "Marlborough," which was the flag-ship of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Cecil Burney, at the Battle of Jutland, and the "Repulse," which carried the Prince of Wales to South Africa and South America, four cruisers, the monitor "Marshal South," and "X 1," the largest submarine in the world. A model of the old two-decker "Kent" (period 1765) is to be seen in full sail in the basin at Chatham, manned by naval ratings in the dress of the period. The third of the Navy Weeks, that at Plymouth, "features" four capital ships—the "Rodney," the "Renown," the "Malaya," and the "Tiger," besides cruisers, destroyers, and submarines; bands, displays, and "side-shows."



BATTLE ACTION IN A SHIP THAT IS NOW ON A PEACEFUL MISSION: H.M.S. "BARHAM," WHICH IS "ASSISTING" AT PORTSMOUTH'S NAVY WEEK, SHOWING HER TEETH DURING TRIALS.





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# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



DEDICATED TO THE COMPOSERS OF THE WELSH NATIONAL HYMN: THE MEMORIAL SET UP AT PONTYPRIDD TO EVAN AND JAMES JAMES.

Lord Treowen arranged to unveil the national memorial to the composers of the Welsh National Hymn, "Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau," at Pontypridd on July 30. Evan James and James James, the composers, were father and son—one of whom died in 1809; the other in 1902. The memorial is a striking work by Sir W. Goscombe John, and consists of two symbolical figures—each seven feet high—representing Poetry and Music.



A NOTABLE WITNESS TO ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: BOSTON "STUMP," FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WHICH £10,000 HAS BEEN SUBSCRIBED IN THE UNITED STATES. The subscription of £10,000 by Boston's daughter city—Boston, U.S.A.—for the restoration of the famous Boston "stump," as an example of the friendly feelings of Americans for "Old England," can be compared to the recent decision of Mr. Edward Harkness, the well-known American railway magnate, and philanthropist, to devote several millions sterling to social work in Great Britain. The "Stump," it should be explained, is really St. Botolph's church tower.



AN INCIDENT IN THE CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF THE SAVIOUR AT VENICE; PHOTOGRAPHED WITH SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE IN THE BACKGROUND: THE RELIGIOUS PROCESSION, WHICH PRECEDES THE FESTIVITIES, CROSSING THE GRAND CANAL. Every year, from the evening of July 19 to the dawn of July 20, the Feast of the Saviour continues at Venice. All, including the visitors on holiday-making bent, stay up the night long to watch the fireworks, or glide along the canals in illuminated gondolas. Famous musicians and singers entertain the thousands of spectators during the night until the dawn breaks.



THE "ELFIN TREE" WORKED BY MR. IVOR INNES IN THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND AT KENSINGTON GARDENS: MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, AND THE MAYORESS AND MAYOR OF KENSINGTON, AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY (L. TO R.).

The "Elfin Tree" is an example of the work of Mr. Ivor Innes, who has specialised in adapting the natural forms of heather roots and tree-trunks to disclose the figures of gnomes, fairies, and animals. The tree-trunk is that of a very old pollarded oak selected by the artist in Richmond Park. The result should appeal greatly to the children who frequent Kensington Gardens.



## MODELS, MIME—AND SAD REALITY: RECENT EVENTS PHOTOGRAPHICALLY RECORDED.



LADEN, AND READY TO TAKE OFF AT A FEW MINUTES' NOTICE: "R100" SEEN IN A RUSTIC SETTING WHILE MOORED AT CARDINGTON IN PREPARATION FOR HER FLIGHT TO CANADA.

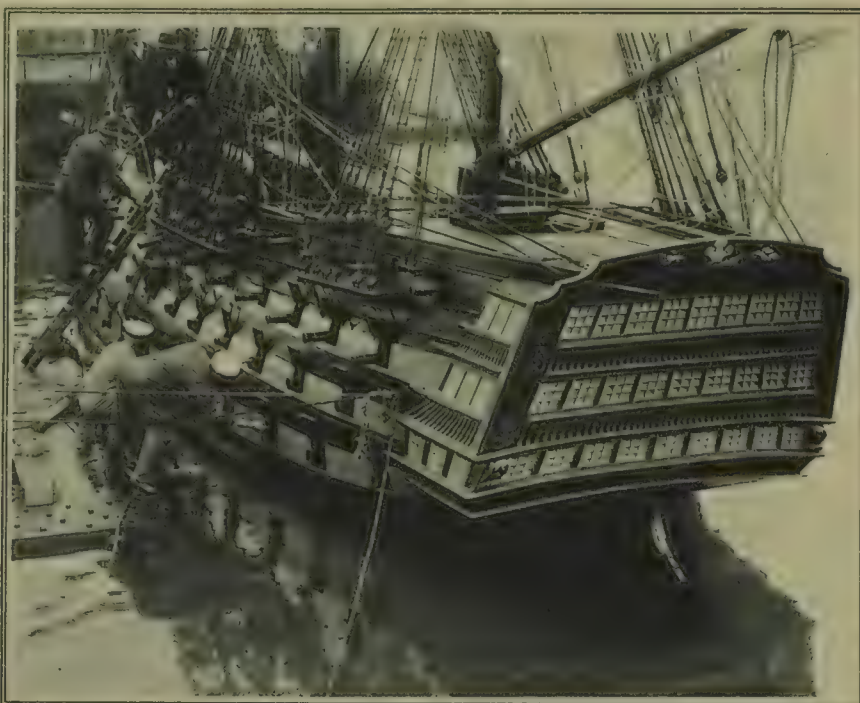
Preparations were completed on the day before "R100's" start on her Transatlantic flight on the morning of July 29—the second Transatlantic flight to be made by a British airship. Forty-four persons were on board for this voyage, and the airship carried 2000 lb. of food and 500 gallons of drinking water, enough to last for five days. At the St. Hubert Air Station at Montreal, a mooring-mast similar to that at Cardington had been erected for her. The distance to be traversed from Cardington to Montreal is 3242 miles by the shortest route.



PHOTOGRAPHED AFLOAT IN THE PORTSMOUTH BASIN: THE SIXTY-FOOT MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" SEEN COMPLETE, WITH MASTS AND SAILS.



WITH WING-COMMANDER WYLLIE, WHO DESIGNED AND MADE IT, PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES: A ROOM-MODEL OF THE "VICTORY" BUILT FOR LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN. H.M.S. "Victory" is altogether a "star" of the Portsmouth Navy Week, and—unlike human stars—she can be seen in several places at once. In the Dockyard Museum, which is open to the public, with sentries in 1805 uniform mounted at each gangway, is the original hulk; in No. 3 basin the floating sixty-foot model which has been constructed by ratings of R.N. Barracks and of the "Fisgard," is on view, manned by a crew of fourteen officers in the dress of Naval



A FLOATING MODEL BUILT TO CARRY A CREW OF FOURTEEN DURING PORTSMOUTH'S NAVY WEEK: THE MINIATURE "VICTORY" RECEIVING FINISHING TOUCHES.

ratings of the Trafalgar period. Moreover, the wonderful scale room-model of the "Victory" (also illustrated above) is on view to the public. This has been designed and constructed for Lord Louis Mountbatten by Wing-Commander Harold Wyllie. It has taken four years to build, and the estimated cost will run into thousands of pounds. Other "stars" of the Navy Week at Portsmouth are the battle-ships "Nelson" and "Barham."



WITH MASTS FALLING AND BROADSIDES BEING DISCHARGED: A MIMIC BATTLE OFF USHANT GIVEN ON A LAWN AT THE WHALE ISLAND CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS. The "Queen Charlotte"—the ship afterwards rechristened "Excellent" and set aside as a gunnery training-ship in 1830—was Earl Howe's flag-ship at the Battle of Ushant, "the glorious First of June," in 1794. A mime representation of this battle is a feature of the Whale Island Centenary Celebrations Tattoo, and is illustrated above. It will be seen that each model vessel is manipulated by two men, one at the bows and one at the stern.



BURIED WITH NAVAL FUNERAL HONOURS: THE SERVICE ON THE "CAROLINE" AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

An immense concourse watched the transference of the coffin from the steamer "Haysham" to the "Caroline" at Belfast. The pall-bearers were headed by the Duke of Montrose, and walking behind was the solitary figure of the new Marquess, whose honeymoon in Italy was so tragically interrupted by the terrible and mysterious aeroplane accident in which his father perished. As the cortege neared the "Caroline" the guns of the ship fired the salute.



# PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

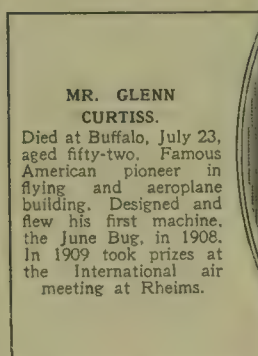
# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS.



**BRITISH PILOTS FIRST HOME IN A ROUND-EUROPE AIR-RACE: CAPT. BROAD (R.) AND MR. A. S. BUTLER (L.)** Of sixty light aeroplanes that left Berlin on July 20 for the second international tour of Europe, nine returned to Berlin on July 27, having completed the circuit of nearly 5000 miles. The first two to land were Capt. Broad and Mr. A. S. Butler, each in a Gipsy Moth. Third came Mr. Thorn in an Avro-Avian.



**THE EX-KHEDIVE ABBAS HILMI.** It was reported recently that Abbas Hilmi, ex-Khedive of Egypt, who was deposed in December 1914, was now attempting to make a bid for the Egyptian throne, and that his emissaries were intriguing in London.



**MR. GLENN CURTISS.**

Died at Buffalo, July 23, aged fifty-two. Famous American pioneer in flying and aeroplane building. Designed and flew his first machine, the June Bug, in 1908. In 1909 took prizes at the International air meeting at Rheims.



**A GLIDER CRASH IN A TREE: MR. PERCY MICHELSON (LOWER FIGURE) RESCUED FROM HIS MACHINE BY ROPE.** A "thrill" marked the finish of the first inter-club gliding match held in this country—on July 27—between the London Gliding Club and the gliding section of the Lancashire Aero Club, on the former's ground at Ivinghoe Beacon, Bucks. Mr. Michelson's machine crashed into a wood, and he was rescued with a rope.



**THREE-TOED HORSES SAID TO HAVE LIVED IN AMERICA THIRTY MILLION YEARS AGO: A REMARKABLE "RECONSTRUCTION" PLACED ON VIEW IN THE FIELD MUSEUM AT CHICAGO.**

Life-size replicas of the strange three-toed horses believed to have roamed the plains of North America thirty million years ago form the basis for this remarkable exhibit at the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago. The setting is a reproduction of a scene in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where the animals are said to have gathered. The species is the *Mesohippus*, or Middle Period Horse.



**STOLEN FROM LORD MINTO'S LONDON HOUSE: REYNOLDS'S PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST COUNTESS.** This picture, stolen from Lord Minto's house in Charles Street, Mayfair, on July 26, was described as "a half-length oil painting of the first Countess of Minto, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 30½ inches by 24½ inches, unframed, with painted name thereon." The total value of the picture and some jewellery also missing was estimated at £32,000.



**THE DECIDING LAWN-TENNIS MATCH THAT GAVE FRANCE THE DAVIS CUP FOR THE FOURTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: J. BOROTRA (RIGHT), THE NEW CHEVALIER, BEATING G. M. LOTT, U.S.A., AT AUTEUIL.** Amid a fever of excitement among a crowd of over 10,000 spectators, France won the challenge round of the Davis Cup, by four matches to one, against the United States, at the Stade Roland Garros at Auteuil, on July 26 and 27, thus retaining the Cup for the fourth year in succession. The deciding match was the single between Borotra and Lott, which Borotra won. Borotra has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.



**SURROUNDED BY SEAT-CUSHIONS THROWN BY EXCITED ADMIRERS: H. COCHET LEAVING THE COURT AT AUTEUIL AFTER BEATING W. T. TILDEN IN A DAVIS CUP MATCH.**



## BRITISH AFFAIRS AT HOME AND ABROAD. &amp; INDIAN AFFAIRS: DISTURBANCES AT BOMBAY.



A BUILDING WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO INSPECT DURING HIS VISIT TO BELGIUM: THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.



SAVED FOR BRITAIN AT THE LAST MOMENT: THE WORLD-FAMOUS BEDFORD BOOK OF HOURS, A SUPERB ENGLISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT, ACQUIRED FOR £33,000.



ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE AMERICAN CAPITAL: THE NEW BRITISH EMBASSY (RECENTLY OCCUPIED) AT WASHINGTON, DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.

The Prince of Wales arranged to travel by air to Brussels on July 29, and go by train next day to Antwerp to visit the British, Canadian, and Congo Pavilions at the Exhibition there. The Trustees of the British Museum announced on July 29 that the Bedford Book of Hours had, at "the last minute," been secured for this country; the sum required being provided by the Museum Trustees and the National Art Collections Fund. Thanks were expressed to all who had helped, "whether by money or influence," and among the latter the Press (including "The Illustrated London News") may claim to have done its share. In a full-page urging the appeal, in our issue of July 12, we mentioned that £22,300 was still required. We also recalled that the nation owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whose "magnificent generosity" is acknowledged by the Trustees. The new British Embassy building in Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, is said to be the largest and finest Embassy in the world. The style is English, in brick relieved by white stone. The gardens include a tennis court and a swimming-pool.



A POLICE CHARGE IN BOMBAY A FEW WEEKS AGO: CONSTABLES ARMED WITH CUDGELS DISPERSING DEMONSTRATORS.



AMBULANCE WORK IN BOMBAY: REMOVING THE INJURED AFTER A CONFLICT BETWEEN DEMONSTRATORS AND POLICE.



THE ARREST OF TWO HINDUS ON A CHARGE OF REMOVING BRITISH GOODS FROM A SHOP: AN INCIDENT IN BOMBAY.

The events here illustrated took place in Bombay early last month. Describing a typical scene of the disturbances on July 11, it may be recalled, the "Times" correspondent said: "Bombay was again reduced to a state of pandemonium this afternoon and evening, when the Congress Committee defied police orders banning processions organised to express sympathy with the men of the Garhwali Regiment who were recently court-martialled. The 'National Militia' were ordered by the Committee to assemble on the Esplanade Maidan, and they persisted in the attempt in spite of the police prohibition. Large crowds of onlookers made the task of the police more difficult. Three or four officers of the Congress Volunteers were arrested, and several police charges were made. At a rough estimate, 100 people were injured, 20 of them seriously. The crowd did not disperse until nearly 8 p.m., but it was not necessary to call on two companies of British troops which were being held in reserve at Victoria Terminus. . . . An eye-witness says that the crowd was much smaller than on former occasions."



## THE MECHANISED BRITISH ARMY: "ANTS ON YOUR RIGHT."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS (COPYRIGHTED.)



## TANK MANŒUVRES CONTROLLED BY RADIO-TELEPHONY: A COMPANY-COMMANDER BROADCASTING HIS ORDERS TO HIS SECTION-COMMANDERS BY WIRELESS.

In the foreground of our illustration, the company-commander's tank is seen cut away diagrammatically, to show the driver and the company-commander (seated in the turret). The latter is broadcasting an order by radio-telephony to his right wing, or "section," of three tanks (seen to the left of the reproduction), instructing them to turn aside and engage anti-tank guns he has observed on his right flank. Accordingly, the three tanks of this section are turning away in the direction indicated by the company-commander and opening fire with their

three-pounder guns. Controlling tanks in action is at once a matter of great importance and extreme difficulty: before the introduction of radio-telephony, inter-communication was restricted to visual signalling—chiefly by hand flags—a method obviously unsatisfactory for many reasons. For short, it must be added, anti-tank guns are known in the Royal Tank Corps as "Ants"; and in the present instance the company-commander's order to his subordinate has been simply "Ants on your right"; with an indication of the obnoxious enemy's locality.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ONE of the chief advantages of reading is that it enables us to leap the barriers of time and escape from the tyrannical present, with its bills and rent and income-tax, into some kindlier period wherein we may forget awhile

The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan.

A week or two ago I found myself soaring through a scientific future on the wings of Lord Birkenhead's prophecy. This week I have been wafted back to the spells and simples of the Middle Ages by the aid of a beautiful quarto volume whose very binding suggests carved oak from a Norman church, while the contents are redolent of the antique spirit. It is appropriately named "THE OLD BOOK." A Mediæval Anthology. Edited and Illuminated by Dorothy Hartley. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury (Alfred A. Knopf; 32s. 6d., or, in full leather, 34 guineas). The edition is limited to 1350 copies (printed on *Japon de luxe*), of which 750 are for sale in England, and 525 in the United States. Recent years have seen nothing quite so dainty and harmonious in the art of book-production.

For a journal that is primarily pictorial, it will be in order, perhaps, to allude first to the illustrations, or—to use the author's own phrase—"the pictures." These comprise fifteen full-page plates—eleven "plain" and four "coloured"—with many small drawings incidental to the text. All alike possess the charm of clarity and simplicity, both in idea and technique, blended with whimsical fancy or a touch of frolicsome humour. The coloured frontispiece, entitled "Provocation," represents the Tree of Knowledge, with a fantastic winged serpent coiled around the trunk, and a wimpled Eve in voluminous mediæval attire. In other plates, such as "England," and "A Routier of Pilgrims to the Holy Land," the author-artist shows a charming originality in the treatment of geographical themes and old-world cartography.

Nor must I omit to mention, as an integral part of the decorative scheme, the curious endpapers, which consist of a mediæval bibliography in hand-written capitals, interspersed with quaint little drawings. The general effect of these closely packed pages of fine lettering, symmetrically arranged in double columns, is extremely pleasing, and suggestive of an early manuscript. There is no explanatory note to say whether the numerous books included in the list are the actual sources of the anthology, or merely a typical collection of mediæval literature. Personally, I incline to the latter view. Some of them appear in the body of the book, but for the most part the author refrains from giving chapter and verse for her quotations.

Her object has rather been, I take it, to recapture the atmosphere and mentality of the Middle Ages, partly by means of excerpts from old writers, and partly by essays of her own, in verse or prose, in the antique manner. This purpose has been achieved, I think, with wonderful success, for there is a homogeneous air about the whole book, and, in reading the many anonymous pieces, only an expert in "period" style and diction could distinguish the real originals from those in which Miss Hartley has, I imagine, deftly practised an imitative art. She has given us a volume which, to all lovers of the storied past, will afford unmingled delight. It is arranged in eight parts, treating severally of the Land, the People, the Household, Travellers' Tales, Doctors and Science, Beasts, Fears and Ghosts, and, finally, Curses and Prayers.

Miss Hartley's manifest antipathy to a severe chronological order and to a meticulous citation of authorities has elicited a gentle comment from Professor Saintsbury, who writes: "One might warn the reader that, and discuss with him why the collector has sometimes assigned authorship and sometimes left things to enrich the wallet of that wonderful proprietor, Mr. Anon; but this would be rather idle. . . . Only very dull or frivolous readers (he continues) will object to the miscellaneousness of Miss Hartley's provision for their reading. Chaucer and Piers Plowman, La Tour-Landry and Villon, bestiaries, and cookery books and medical guides, are liberally drawn upon. . . . The variety of amusement that Miss Hartley has extracted from the sources above mentioned, and from others as old as Froissart and as recent as Thorold Rogers, is surprising and delectable."

Miss Hartley herself has also felt constrained to touch on this matter of "miscellaneousness." With characteristic avoidance of the explicit, she conveys the purpose of her book in a fanciful vein, likening it to a company of friendly "ghosts" on pilgrimage. "I made my protest," she says, "that they ought to be sorted, but my Protest joined the ghosts. . . . So I sat back meekly watching the happy muddled drift of ghosts from afar.

. . . They were a strange medley. . . . If it pleases you, say you a prayer for their souls, for that well pleases them." But how does one pray for "Mr. Anon"?

Among the cookery recipes (which Professor Saintsbury finds much to his literary taste) is one that would surely have appealed to the author of "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig." It runs thus: "Take a capon and scald him and draw him clean and smite him in two in his waste. And take a pigge and scald him and smite him in two in his waste, and then take a needle and thread and sew the forepart of the capon to the afterpart of the pigge, and the foremost part of the pigge to the afterpart of the capon, and then stuff them as thou stuffest an all pigge. And roast him on a spit and, when he is done, dore (i.e., gold) him with yolks of eggs and powdered ginger and saffron and serve him up upon a nest of parsley (and

garden with some shrewd advice to the medical profession by "John Arderne, English Surgeon," whose date and place of practice are not mentioned. "Consider not overboldly (he cautions his colleagues) the ladies nor the daughters or other fair women in great men's houses, nor proffer too much to kiss nor touch them." He emphasises the importance of correct professional dress. "Also dispose a leche that his clothes and other apparalynge be honest, not liking himself in apparel or bearing to minstrelsy, but showing he in the manner of clerks. For why? it beseemeth any discrete man clad in clerks clothing to occupy gentlemen's boards. Have the leche also clean hands and well-shapen nails." Lastly, John Arderne knew the value of a good bedside manner and a turn for amusing anecdote: "Ever let him comfort his patients in their hurts (he writes) that they be of great heart, for a great heart maketh a man great and strong to suffer sharp things and grievous. . . . Also it speedeth that a leche can talk of good tales and honest, that he can make patients laugh and other things of which it is most charge to make or induce a light heart in a sick man."

A modern "leche" of great eminence shows that he "can talk of good tales and honest" in "WHAT THE DOCTOR THOUGHT." By Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 7s. 6d.). Here the famous physician and mental specialist provides an excellent prescription for maintaining a condition of good humour, in the form of notes and anecdotes drawn partly from memory and experience, and partly from reading. Like Miss Hartley, Sir James also confesses to a certain miscellaneousness. "A medley!" he writes in prefacing his work. "Yes, no doubt, but life is a medley, and its 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles' have interest as well as its serious ingredients. These heterogeneous jottings, grave and gay, are a doctor's diversions, scribblements swiftly indited at halting-places on the professional highway. Some of them perhaps savour of the consulting-room, but mostly they are attempts to escape from the daily round, the common task." The book not only teems with amusing stories, but contains many passages of graver import, and personal reminiscences of celebrities with whom the author has come in contact. In 1856, for example, he heard Thackeray lecture at Dumfries, and the recollection prompts him to recall some little-known details of the novelist's devotion to his insane wife.

To the medical mind, of course, the subject of diet is always important. Though Sir James is not concerned with recipes for cookery, he has some remarks on the feeding of school-girls, which should be taken to heart by parents and teachers. "I would make it obligatory (he writes), 'No breakfast, no schooling.' An ill-nourished brain is not one from which good work can be expected, and, as regards brain work, breakfast is the most important meal of the day. There is a Scotch saying that a man who makes a good breakfast needs no certificate of moral character, and I would say that a girl who makes a bad breakfast needs medical supervision." One anecdote appeals to me as relating to a malady which particularly affects journalists and literary folk. "I referred at luncheon (says Sir James) to a man who suffered from *cacoëthes scribendi*. After lunch, my little girl came and asked me, 'What was that curious thing you mentioned—*cacoëthes scribendi*? Is it a skin disease?'"

Has anyone written on Shakespearean medicine, or the poet's personal relations with the faculty? The question occurs to me from a perusal of a very interesting little work, fully dated and documented, called "SHAKESPEARE'S STUDIES," Biographical and Literary. By Edgar I. Fripp, Life Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, Author of "Shakespeare's Stratford," etc. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 7s. 6d.). Among various other records of Shakespeare's fellow-townsmen (including his father, John Shakespeare; the minister who baptized him, John Bretchgirdle; and the master of Stratford School, John Brownsword), two medical men find mention—Dr. Thomas Bentley, who leased New Place (afterwards Shakespeare's home) in 1543; and Shakespeare's son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, on whose career two recently discovered documents have thrown new light. One shows that "the busy physician objected to serve on the Corporation." The other "proves the doctor's lively interest in the parish church, his close observance of the Sabbath, and his puritan espionage, as churchwarden, of delinquent parishioners."

On the literary side, Mr. Fripp gives us a valuable paper on Shakespeare's debt to Ovid, and notable evidence on the possible origin of certain elements in the characters of Falstaff, Ophelia, and "the melancholy Jaques." Like the last-named, this scholarly little book is "full of matter."



SOLD BY AUCTION FOR £3275 5s.: AN ELIZABETHAN SILVER-GILT CUP AND COVER DATING FROM 1585. (HEIGHT, 12 INCHES; WEIGHT, 19 OZ. 17 DWT.)

The most interesting articles at Christie's sale on July 23 were among the thirty lots from Delamere House, and among these the outstanding price was that of 3300s. per oz. paid by Permain for the Elizabethan silver-gilt cup and cover illustrated above. This is shaped as a gourd, and engraved with foliage and strapwork, and the arms and crest of Thomas Wilbraham of Woodhey. The maker's mark is an SB. in a shaped shield. It remains to be noted that Thomas Wilbraham of Woodhey married Frances, daughter of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley of Cholmondeley.

so he is a Royal mete!)." Chicken and ham in the altogether.

Turning to the section of Travellers' Tales, I find an anonymous poem with an obvious flavour of modernity in its title—"Where Judas Goes for the Week-end." The verses that follow, however, are in mediæval style, and I am wondering whether they are what the furniture dealers call "a genuine antique." There is no reference to the single act of charity which, it is said, earned for Judas his annual holiday on an Arctic iceberg, as a change from a warmer clime, for Christmas Day only, and not (as here) every Sunday and from Easter to Whitsuntide. Matthew Arnold, it may be recalled, gives the sterner version of the legend in his poem "Saint Brandan."

By way of transition to the next book on my list, I conclude my pickings from Miss Hartley's old-world



# DISASTERS BY LAND AND SEA.



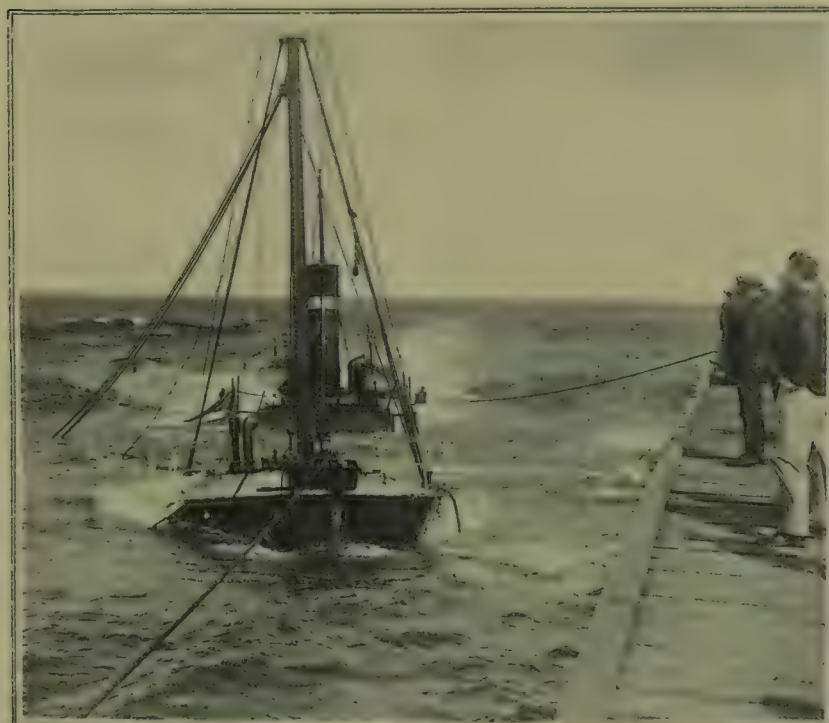
# FLOOD HAVOC IN YORKSHIRE.



THE BRIDGE COLLAPSE AT COBLENZ, WHERE THIRTY-FIVE PEOPLE PERISHED: REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE (LEFT), AND BOATS ENGAGED IN A SEARCH FOR BODIES.



A SHIP ON FIRE IN MID-ATLANTIC: THE GERMAN STEAMER "TARGIS" ABLAZE, AND (IN FOREGROUND) A LIFEBOAT WITH SOME OF THE RESCUED CREW.



A WRECKED STEAMER ROLLING AND POUNDING ABOUT CLOSE TO THE SHORE: THE "RAYMOND" STRANDED IN AMBLE HARBOUR (NORTHUMBERLAND).

President von Hindenburg's tour of the formerly occupied territory on the Rhine came to an abrupt end on July 23, on his learning of the disaster at Coblenz on the previous evening, when a footbridge over the entrance to a wet dock on the Moselle gave way, throwing into the river over a hundred people who had been watching fireworks on the heights of Ehrenbreitstein. It was reported that thirty-five bodies had been recovered, but it was feared that further search might disclose a still greater number of victims.—On July 18 the "Targis," a North German Lloyd steamer, caught fire in mid-Atlantic. The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer "Rangitara," which rushed to the scene on receiving an S.O.S. call, removed the passengers and crew, and brought them to Southampton. The plates of the "Targis" were buckled by the heat, and she sank.—The Belgian steamer "Raymond" stranded at Amble Harbour, Northumberland, on July 25, after fighting the gale for three days. The crew were saved by breeches-buoy.



EFFECTS OF AN UNPRECEDENTED FLOOD, DUE TO A CLOUDBURST, NEAR WHITBY: A BOAT AND WRECKAGE ON THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE ESK AT RUSWARP.



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT RUSWARP AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD: FISHING-BOATS THAT BROKE ADRIFT AND WERE SHATTERED AGAINST THE BRIDGE.



A STONE BRIDGE AT SLEIGHTS, NEAR WHITBY, DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD: WORKMEN FIXING TEMPORARY PIPES TO RESTORE THE SEVERED WATER SUPPLY.

A flood unprecedented in the history of Whitby occurred on July 23, when, owing to a cloudburst and three days' heavy rainfall, the River Esk rose to an abnormal height and caused widespread havoc. At the neighbouring town of Sleights, the raging torrent carried away a stone bridge, thus destroying the only means of road communication between Whitby and the Malton-Pickering district, and also severing the water-main. The flood also damaged the railway bridge at Ruswarp, between Sleights and Whitby, and here, too, a number of fishing-boats, which had broken adrift, were dashed to pieces against the piles of the bridge. Other bridges were carried away at Egton and Glaisdale, besides many footbridges. The train services between Whitby and Pickering, and the omnibus service to York, had to be suspended, and several villages were isolated by the flood. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but there were narrow escapes. A lifeboat and rocket apparatus were used for relief work many miles inland.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE STORY OF TAPESTRY.—III. FRANCE AND THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

OF all the minor tragedies of war, not one can be more immediately overwhelming to the onlooker than the sight of a long column of refugees slowly moving across the wide uplands of Picardy. There is about it none of the disciplined purpose-

fulness of an army that even in retreat still keeps the semblance of its spirit; it is shambling, despairing, inchoate, loaded with pathetic bundles, hampered by age, by infirmity, by regret for vanished homes; dumb and futile, it crawls wearily on into the unknown. England has been spared such uprootings for centuries; not so the border lands of Europe, and the evacuation of Arras during the last war was not the first time the city had met with disaster. In the Middle Ages, under the patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy, Arras was supreme in the art of tapestry-weaving, and the products of her looms were exported to the ends of the known earth. The name of the town passed into current speech: in England one spoke of "arras," in Italy of "arrazzi," instead of tapestries, and the output was enormous. Yet of all this activity, extending over many years, only one series remains that is definitely known to have been made there. This is preserved in the Cathedral of Tournai, and was woven about the end of the fourteenth century. Disaster came in 1477, when Louis XI. defeated the Burgundians and captured the town. The conqueror, like many another potentate of his time and since, believed in leaving the conquered with nothing but their eyes to weep with, and expelled all the tapestry-workers. It was, of course, a short-sighted policy, but by the time the King realised that he had destroyed an industry

tapestries woven by their subjects. One has to imagine a large number of wandering craftsmen in this early period; a loom is readily portable, and the weavers would move from place to place in order to carry out commissions. Not till the sixteenth century did it become the custom to give a tapestry from a particular town its distinctive mark. Perhaps the most famous of factory marks is that of two B's with a shield between. It is that of Brussels, where a regulation was made in 1528 requiring Brussels tapestries to bear the marks

be driven through them), and have to be repaired. Change of fashion and the emigration of the workmen gradually brought the business to an end. The last great factory, at Brussels, that of J. Van der Borgh, closed in 1794.

The story of French tapestry-making runs a different course. (I leave it to the reader to decide whether the early productions of Arras should be considered French—to my mind they were made long before the political entity known as France had come into



A FINE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH WORK FROM BEAUVAIS: A PANEL OF A TAPESTRY BY BERAÏN (CIRCA 1700).  
(18 FT. 10 IN. BY 10 FT.)

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallet and Sons.

of immense potential value to himself, the long column of refugees that must have wandered despairingly over all the roads of Flanders and Picardy had found scattered havens and few returned. It is not possible to over-estimate the influence of the Flemish craftsmen upon the development of tapestry. It is not merely that after the decline of the Arras school Brussels dominated the industry for at least two centuries, but because other countries owed almost everything to the Flemings whom they enticed away to direct and, in many cases, do the whole work of, their own factories. Mortlake, for example, was almost entirely staffed by workmen from the Netherlands. Until they were broken by the King of France, the Dukes of Burgundy were enormously wealthy, and loved splendour more than any other princelings of their time. Their patronage did much to stabilise, and increase, the demand for the

of factory and maker. These marks would, of course, appear in the border, but in many cases the borders have perished from use (generations of nails would

existence.) Paris and several provincial towns made tapestries as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, but the business cannot be said to have been either so prosperous or so continuous as that of the Netherlands. The most remarkable of early French tapestries extant is the series that can be seen in the Cathedral of Angers. Its history is curious and romantic. It consists of a series illustrating the Book of Revelation, was begun in 1376 by Nicolas Bataille, and was made from cartoons prepared by the painter Hennequin (Jean) de Bruges, which in their turn were based upon an illuminated manuscript lent to him from the library of King Charles V. of France.

The King of Sicily, René, who died in 1480, left these tapestries to the Cathedral, where they remained till the end of the eighteenth century. They were then removed as being out of fashion, but were afterwards replaced. In 1842 they were sold, but were again returned to the Cathedral with the exception of several pieces. In how many other instances have great works of art suffered final destruction in an age which, for one reason or another, was incapable of appreciating them! In many respects the rare pieces of fifteenth and early sixteenth-century French tapestries are the most charming of all the products of the European looms to modern eyes, because they so often represent neither romantic allegories nor solemn religious scenes, but naïve and good-natured rustic amusements and labours—they are, in short, not only examples of admirable workmanship, but singularly happy historical documents of contemporary social conditions.

Yet, when all is said and done, the real claims of the French industry upon our attention rest upon the achievement of the great establishment of the Gobelins, which is still in active operation. These works were founded in 1662 by Louis XIV. on the advice of his minister Colbert. The output of the Gobelins has been continuous, magnificent, and enormous ever since. Only one degree less in importance is the factory of Beauvais, founded at about the same time.

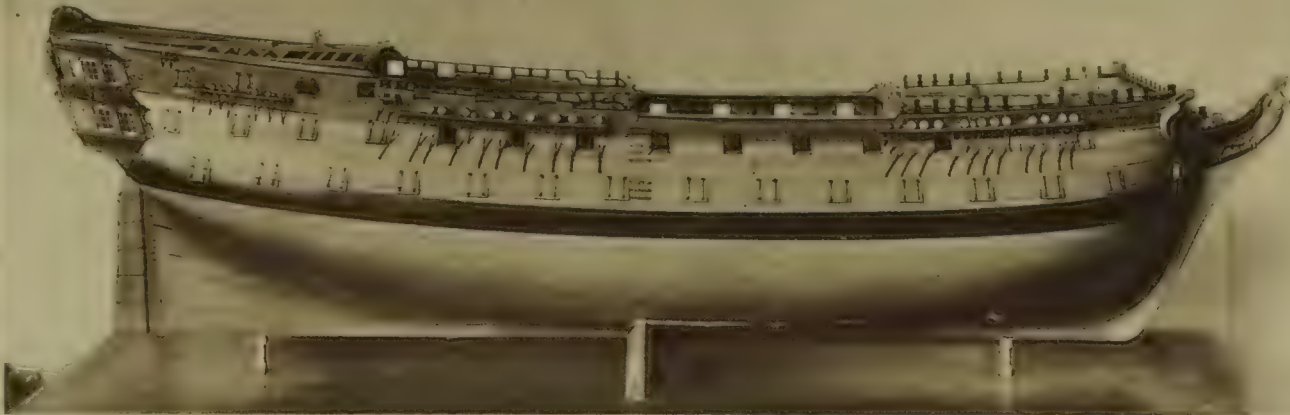


MADE BY RHEYDAMS FROM A CARTOON BY GIULIO ROMANO, PUPIL OF RAPHAEL:  
THE "FEAST OF SCIPIO"; A BRUSSELS TAPESTRY OF ABOUT 1629.

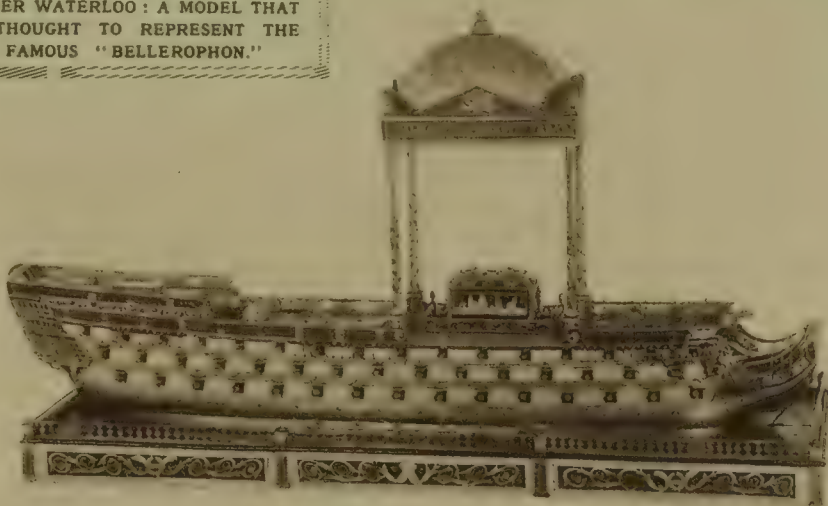
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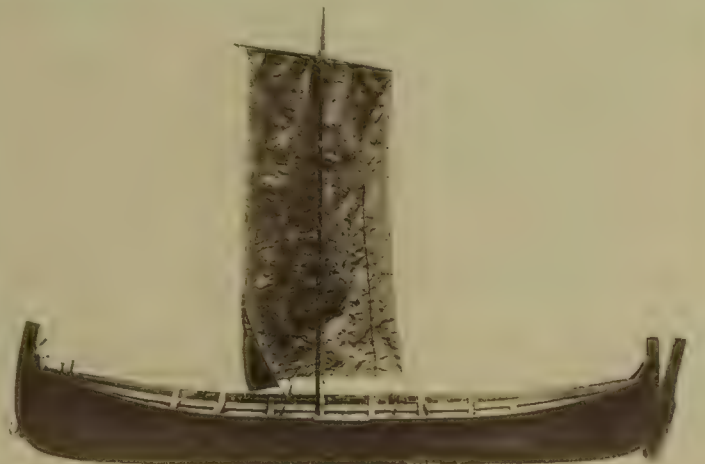
THE MODEL SHIP:  
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AND OF  
WORKMANSHIP  
IN MINIATURE  
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PECULIAR TO NORTH RUSSIA: A TRADING VESSEL OF A CLASS WHICH SHOWS PRONOUNCED CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ANCIENT VIKING SHIPS.

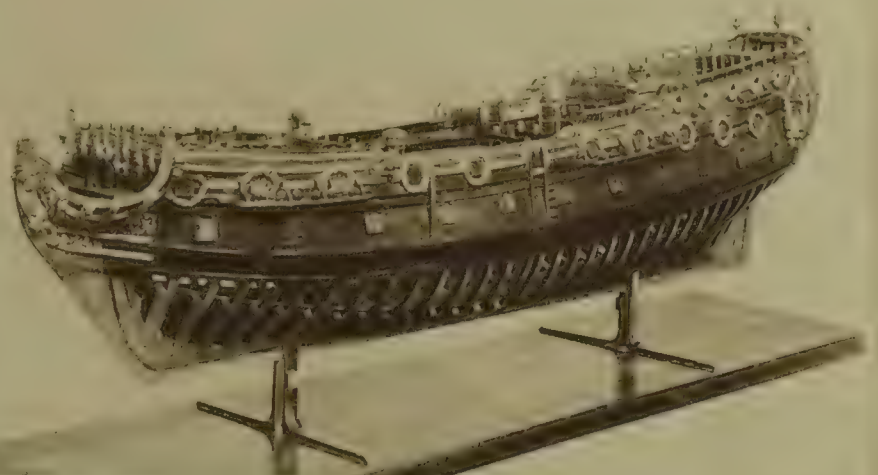
THE first two photographs reproduced on this page are of very extraordinary interest. Both the models are in that collection of treasures which is at present in the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and is to be placed in the Queen's House. The first is believed to show the "Bellerophon," the world-famous seventy-four of Nelson's time, but it is argued that it may be the pattern for the "Ramillies," "Hannibal," "Zealous," and "Swiftsure," ships constructed hurriedly when Keppel, First Lord in 1782, determined that Britain should have battle-ships worthy of her flag. It is now shown publicly for the first time from the date of its making it was kept at Goodwood House. The second is of the "Victory" of Nelson's day, and is a splendid specimen of French bijouterie-work in gesso. On the cleared decks is an exact reproduction of Nelson's coffin, and the catafalque that covered it during the procession from the Admiralty to St. Paul's. As to the other models illustrated, attention may be called to the Russian trading vessel, for this shows characteristics of the ancient Viking ships which are usually supposed to be more noticeable in the Norwegian and Swedish craft. All the fastenings, which are of iron, are similar to those on Viking ships that have been unearthed, and sail and gear follow the Viking system closely.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "TRAFFIC," AT THE LYCEUM.

IT was hardly fair to announce "Traffic" as an ideal holiday entertainment for youngsters, for White Slavery, however discreetly handled, is scarcely the theme the average parent would choose for a child's amusement. It is never a particularly savoury subject, and the author might have been well advised to have had his heroine kidnapped from motives of

revenge, rather than for the reason he has chosen. Dr. Noel Scott's play is up to Lyceum standards. Not below, but certainly not above. There is the usual thick-headed gang of crooks who hand over most of their ill-gotten gains to a "Boss" they have never seen. How he became their Boss in these circumstances is one of those mysteries no author of a mystery play has ever been able to explain. There is Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry (inebriated as he loves to

be on the stage) pretending to be a perfectly priceless ass, while all the time you know he is the Pride of Scotland Yard. Then there is Miss Mary Glynn (a charming little actress) trying very hard to persuade you she is a really bad, bad woman. Unsophisticated playgoers might believe she is what she pretends to be; but no dramatist living, try he never so, will convince me that the spotlight of purity will not envelop her just before the final fall of the curtain. Plots of plays such as this must not be described, for once their mystery has been solved they afford little entertainment. Of its type "Traffic" is good enough. It starts slowly, but gains speed as it goes along. The author, though, has not played the game with his audience. There are no clues dropped as to who is the villain, until at the end his beard is torn off, and he is disclosed as. . . Well, as someone you had not the slightest chance of guessing. There are some good performances. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry plays easily enough in his customary drunken rôle. Miss Mary Glynn is charming. Mr. Frank Royde gave the best performance of the evening as Paul Jelf. Miss Joan Kemp-Welch,

Mr. S. J. Warmington and Mr. Cecil Parker were also good.

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AT AN EXHIBITION OF OLD PEWTER AND OLD MAPS: ITEMS DATING FROM THE SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

The pieces here shown are in the Exhibition of Old Pewter and Old Maps at the Mansard Gallery. The map of Cornwall is by Janson, circa 1652, and is embellished with the coats-of-arms of various nobles of the Duchy and with decorative cartouches. The pewter (from left to right) is as follows: English half-pint drinking-cup (circa 1810); English baluster measure (circa 1750); English quarter and half gill double measure (circa 1800); English sugar castor (circa 1790); and a Rhenish lidded flagon (circa 1730). From the Exhibition of Old Pewter and Old Maps in Messrs. Heal and Son's Mansard Gallery, 193-198, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.



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## A FAVOURITE; BUT WITH MANY FRIENDS.

(Continued from Page 200.)

with each other in encouraging music, and the opera house was the scene of the wildest enthusiasm. The audiences, however, expressed their disapproval no less strongly than their approval. On one occasion a special concert was arranged for an Englishwoman who arrived with many introductions, and had declared her wish to sing before the Emperor with a



THE SHAH OF PERSIA: A BUST OF H.I.M. REZA SHAH PAHLEVI, TO COMMEMORATE HIS INTEREST IN A GREAT NEW ROAD.

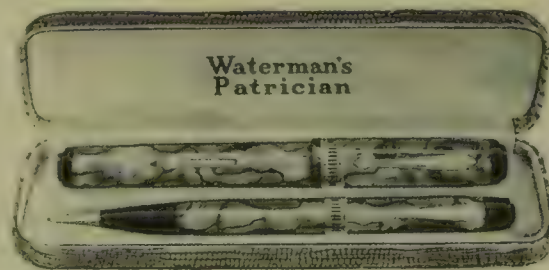
This bronze bust of the Shah has been executed for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., by Mr. E. M. Kottler, and is considered to be a very fine portrait. It is to be erected at Ahwaz, on a specially designed plinth, to commemorate the opening of the great road which links the capital with Khuzistan, the southern province where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company chiefly operates. The development of communications throughout his realm has long occupied the Shah's attention, and the road is an example of his progressive policy.

view to obtaining an engagement at his theatre. She began with the hunting song of "Tally-ho." "She continued shouting out 'Tally-ho, tally-ho' in a manner so loud and dissonant that the audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, others hissed, some hooted, and many joined in the mysterious yell in order to propitiate the supposed mad woman. The Emperor summoned Kelly, and asked what 'Tally-ho' meant"; but the youth, strangely enough, could not enlighten him. The Emperor departed in dudgeon, followed by most of the audience, who were "convinced by the Imperial flight that the words bore some horrible meaning. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies warning their daughters never to repeat the dreadful expression of 'Tally-ho,' nor venture to ask anyone for a translation of that vile phrase." The singer left Vienna discredited, never to return.

Kelly arrived in England in 1787, and almost immediately made friends with Mrs. Crouch, "the beautiful, the syren songstress," so unhappily married to a naval officer. She had been for a short time, and possibly rather against her inclinations, mistress of the Prince of Wales. She and Kelly set up house in Suffolk Street and continued to live together (to the scandal of the censorious) till her death. Mr. Ellis considers their relationship to have been platonic since "amativeness was not strongly developed" in Kelly. In any case, it was a great comfort to him in the arduous career on which he was now embarked. He was soon connected with Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Opera House in the Haymarket, as singer, composer, and director of music. It was, perhaps, the most glorious moment in the history of the English stage, and Kelly, sociable, good-natured and popular, enjoyed the friendship of all the most shining lights. He has anecdotes to tell of Sheridan, Kemble, Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Jordan; he was a favourite with the Prince Regent. Sheridan could hardly open his mouth without being witty, and his son Tom was almost a match for his father:

"The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament. 'I think, father,' said he, 'that many men who are called patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead in legible characters, "To be let."'" 'And under that, Tom,' said his father, 'write "Unfurnished."'"

Few careers present a greater contrast in fortunes than that of Edmund Kean, who spent his childhood dancing and tumbling at country fairs, or roaming the streets of London. So irresponsible was he that his uncle had a brass collar made for him bearing the words: "This boy belongs to No. 9, Lisle Street, Leicester Square: please bring him home." And what great man's end has been marked by such splendours and miseries as Sheridan's? When he lay



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dead, his body was arrested by a bailiff for a debt of £500. But it was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"The Life of Michael Kelly" is a long book, packed with incident and interest; it is impossible to do more than indicate the scope of Kelly's activities and the range of his acquaintance. As his epitaph says:

He pleased, by a manner entirely his own  
The theatre, festival, cottage and Throne;

and the pleasure he is capable of affording is still, thanks to the happy and pious labours of his editor, scarcely diminished. What was the summit of his worldly fortunes is not clear; it escapes us, as it escaped the income tax collector. But there is no doubt what was his most dramatic moment. In June 1791, he was in Paris and he "procured a place" to see the arrival of the King and Queen of France, brought back from Varennes. L. P. H.



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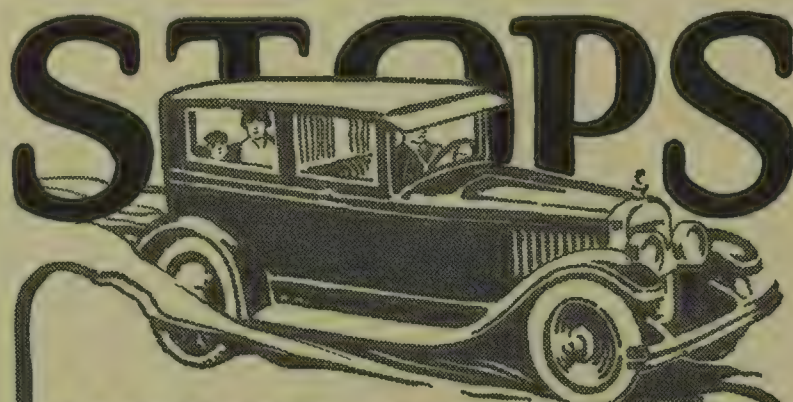
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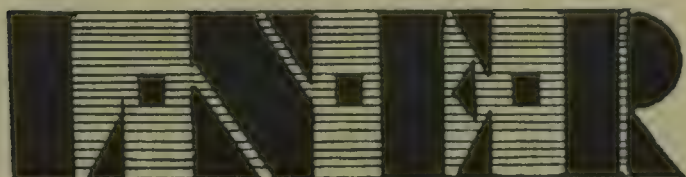


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## MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

IF some of the many yachtsmen who will attend Cowes Regatta next week would care to spend an instructive afternoon in seeing the most perfectly organised yacht-yard that I have inspected, I advise them to pay a visit to the British Power Boat Co., at Hythe on Southampton Water. A clean vessel is usually a happy ship and also efficient, so, though I am ignorant of many of the up-to-date methods in business, I am sure that a clean and well-organised factory must also be efficient. Boatbuilding yards are not usually clean and tidy places, neither are those who work in them; and for that reason many ladies of my acquaintance refrain from visiting them, and buying orders are lost in consequence: for, as with the purchase of motor-cars, the fair sex are the deciding factors in the end. Though, of course, I had been to this Hythe yard before, the visit I paid to it a few days ago was my first this year and I was fortunate enough to be shown round by Mr. Scott Paine, the owner, in person.

As may be expected, the cleanliness and tidiness of the yard is reflected in the boats that it produces, which are all notable not only for the care bestowed on the smallest details of their construction, but also for their consistently high speeds and seaworthiness. As the birth-place of *Miss England I.*, which made possible the production of *Miss England II.*, it is perhaps natural that fast craft should be the speciality of this firm. I tried several of the standard boats that are produced, including the *Sea Ace*, which is a 35-ft. Express Cruiser with internal fittings that are a work of art; a 23-ft. Runabout named *Sea King*; the 23-ft. *Sea Queen*; the express sea lorry or utility boat *Sea Jack*; a Junior Express cruiser of 23 ft. long, and I witnessed a demonstration of the famous outboard safety dinghy produced by this firm. The space at my disposal prohibits a detailed account of each vessel, so I will describe the one that in my opinion has the greatest future and

leave the others to a later date. The *Sea Jack*, or express sea lorry, forms the first serious attempt to make use of a fast craft for commercial and cargo-carrying purposes without in any way detracting from her passenger-carrying or pleasure possibilities.



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I should like a week to myself with *Sea Jack* in order to carry out a series of trials, for it seems to me that her builders have not made the most of her possibilities. It is claimed, for example, that her full-speed fuel-consumption is 3½ gallons per hour, but no information is available as regards her consumption at 15 m.p.h., neither have figures been obtained, apparently, that show her running costs when used as a tug for towing, say, another vessel of the same type and dimensions. I know many outlandish places where *Sea Jack* should be a paying proposition if my estimates of her running costs when fully loaded and towing another vessel carrying one ton of cargo are anywhere near correct. Under these conditions she should do 15 m.p.h. in smooth water on a consumption of approximately 2½ gallons per hour; or, in other words, 1½ gallons per ton transported over 15 miles. This vessel is not fast because of any lightness in her construction, for she weighs 22½ cwt. and is unusually robust for a boat of her type; neither is she a poor sea boat, judging by the way she behaved when I drove her against a tide into a fresh south-westerly wind: under these conditions she was both dry and comfortable and had a very easy motion.

I am guilty of a small error in my article last week by stating that a battery of 150 ampere hours was suitable for use with the Stuart Turner electric generating plant I mentioned. This should have been 100 ampere hours.



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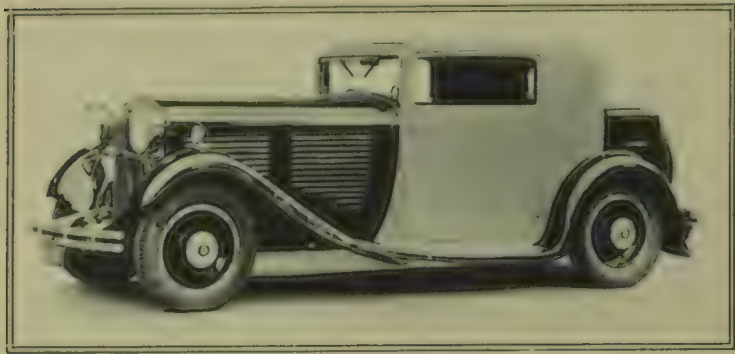
## Alfred A. Knopf London.



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

ALTHOUGH these Chronicles of the Car are written primarily for the purchasers of automobiles, I cannot pass by a trader's remark to me recently that "business continues to be hard to get



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in every part of the world, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that business is being done," because further comments brought forth the news that used cars are selling better, and that both new and second-hand car stocks in the trade are on the low side. From the motoring public's point of view the easier it is to sell your old car at a decent price, the better chance have the trade to increase their sales in new ones. At the moment no private motorist can sell his car at its intrinsic value as a capable transport vehicle, because the retail motor trader will only give a certain price for the age of the car. So that a brand-new 1926 car which had only run 500 miles or even less on the road is valued by the dealer at the same price as one of the same make and year that has completed 100,000 miles. I will admit I am giving wide extremes in use, but it is no exaggeration to say that condition and coachwork have little influence on second-hand selling value as compared with the date when the car was first registered or issued from the factory.

Except, of course, when a member of the public saunters into a motor show-room to buy a second-hand car. Then the salesman points out that, though this is a 1926 model, it has this, that, and the other details which make it worth £100 more than the normal second-hand price of similar dated cars of that make. Buying and selling are two different propositions in every business since the days of *caveat emptor*, and even before. But motorists to-day must either "strike" at the present methods or be willing to sacrifice 60 to 80 per cent. on cars retained over twelve months, however little used and sometimes in a condition better than new.

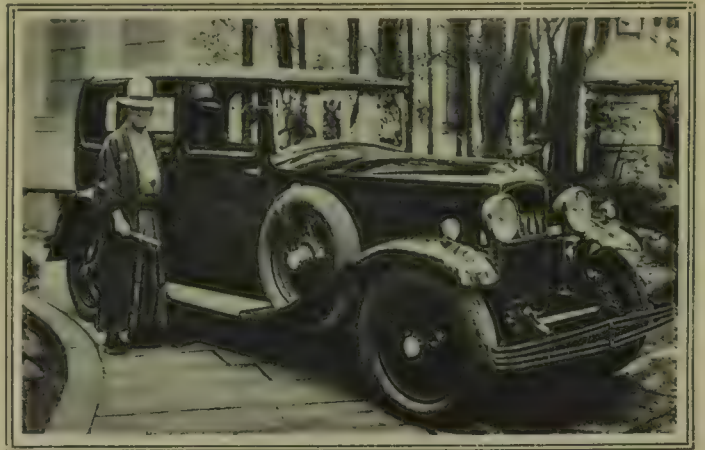
Mr. Henry Ford is now buying all the old cars he can from his dealers at £5 a time, in order to break them up and melt the pieces in his blast furnaces, so that no dangerous worn-out cars of his make shall be sold to the public by the American motor shopkeepers. Twelve other U.S.A. automobile manufacturing companies are also scrapping cars on the same plan, and, I suppose, at the same price at which they will buy their own old cars. In the United States, ancient and modern motors are apt not to mix in a friendly manner, since the very old car is a menace to road-users through its frequent breakdowns blocking the highway and the chances of injuring others owing to flaws in steering and other important parts. Consequently the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce of New York drew up a plan for withdrawing the decrepit cars from the road and sending them to the scrap furnace. Junking these old cars at a profit by salvaging certain parts and turning others into metal ingots for use in new castings is the latest phase of the motor industry in that country. When shall we see our motor manufacturers tackling English second-hand ancients in similar fashion?

### New Lanchester Graceful Model.

An exceptionally smart Lanchester-built sports touring body on the 30-h.p. "straight eight" cylinder Lanchester chassis has just been produced by this firm.

It has lines fashioned somewhat on the form of the marine speed-boat, with running boards resembling seaplane floats, yet capable of carrying the tools inside them. The tail is decked, and provides ample space in the rear for a most usefully large luggage compartment enveloping the petrol-tank. The latter has an extra long filler tube. A lid in the deck is lifted to expose the tube to fill up the tank, so that no unsightly excrescence mars the contour of this Lanchester carriage. The body is painted Cambridge blue, with all metal fittings chromium-plated. Cycle type wings carry the side-lamps. The latest Lucas head-lamps with dipping device are fitted mounted on a cross-bar which also serves as an additional support for the front wings. Both the dumb-irons and front frame are covered by a metal apron, easily detachable, but adding to the cleanliness and appearance of the front view of this car. The steering-wheel, of a flexible character to absorb any possible

*(Continued overleaf.)*



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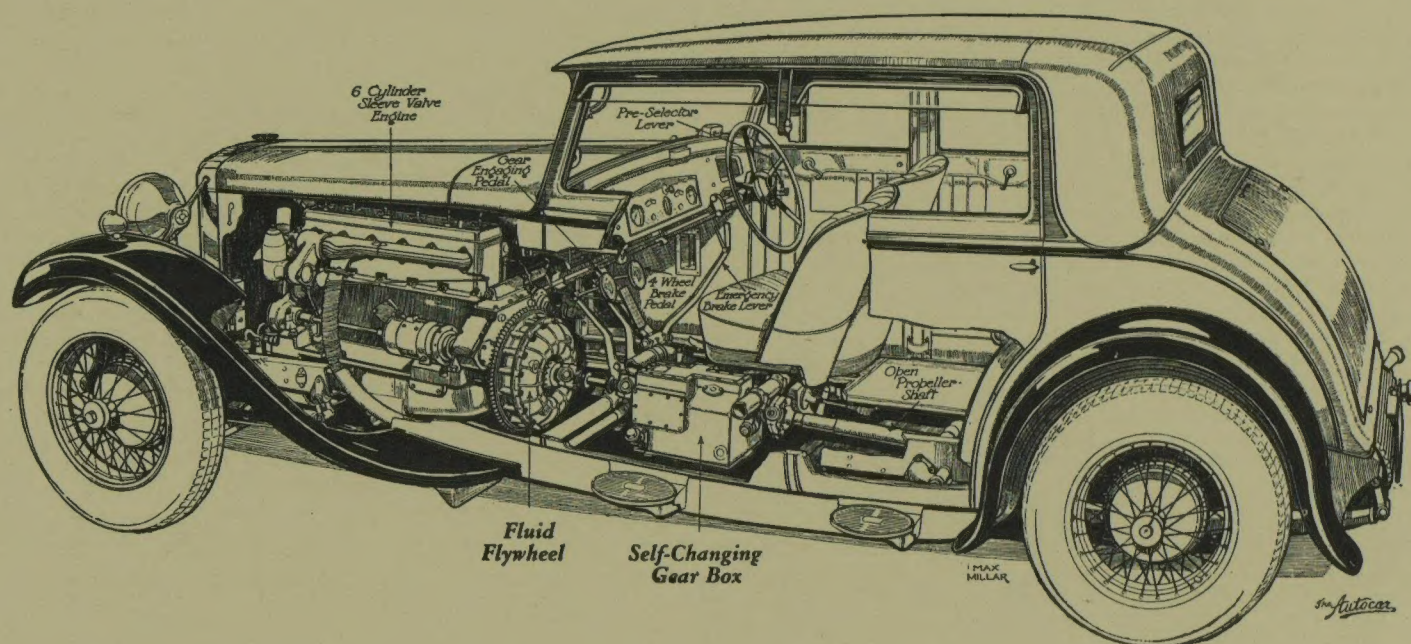
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(Continued.) vibration at high speeds, is fitted and painted blue to match the bodywork. Next year I expect to see the tyres coloured the same shade as the coach-body, if all the stories I hear are true. At any rate, Detroit is set on having its tyres coloured to match the paint-work and upholstery, so I fancy our tyre-makers will also dye their products to meet possible competition in this "eye appeal." In any case, this Lanchester sports car has a road performance as smooth and graceful as its appearance. One can drive these Lanchester "straight eights" at high speed all day with the minimum of fatigue, due to its easy control.

#### Supercharging the Carburetter.

The public demand for faster and faster cars has brought about a radical change in carburetters. Manufacturers of cars have followed one another in using a pump type of fuel-mixer in order better to supply the necessary volume of gas demanded by the present-day hungry engine. The carburetter-designers naturally have produced the type of carburetter demanded. So we have seen a number of pump-acting methods to keep the petrol level up to the mark, however voraciously swallowed by the suction of the multi-cylinder motor with its throttle wide open. The latest carburetter to follow the fashion is the Claudel-Hobson. This does not follow the usual method of pump-type carburetters, inasmuch as the plunger incorporated has not the usual two-way pump action of suction and ejection, like the Stromberg, for instance. The pump part of the Claudel-Hobson acts only as a displacer, being located in a well adjacent to the diffuser and fed by the main jet. The plunger's object is twofold. One is to flood the diffuser well with petrol as the throttle is opened, and so cause the ejection of petrol into the choke-tube in advance of that drawn out by the suction of the engine. Its other object is to fill continuously the diffuser well as the throttle is opened, as for steady acceleration, thus delaying the entering thereof until the car has attained a good speed.

This arrangement is good, in that, whilst providing the increase in the strength of the gas mixture and fuel supply to prevent flat spots when accelerating, there is no unnecessary ejection or wastage of petrol into the choke when not wanted, as when driving in traffic with a small throttle opening. The reason for this is because the displacer or plunger works in one way only, and does not refill the well by suction on the return stroke. Also there are no valves or delicate

(Continued in column 3.)

## CHESS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

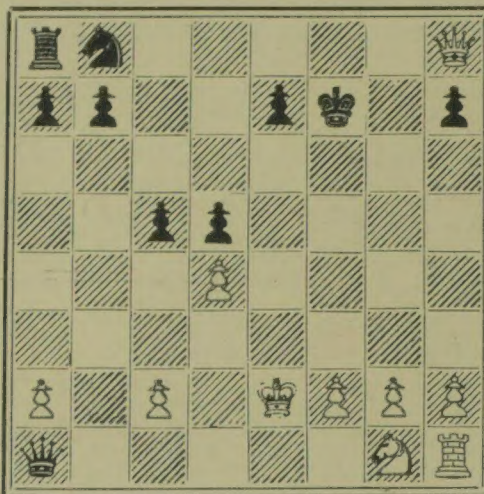
### SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLVI.

[2k2r2; 2p5; 1p45; p1p153; P1P251B; 1R4Pp; 2QR4; 6Kt—Black to mate in four.]

37. — KtK7ch; 38. R×Kt, RB8ch; 39. K×R, QR8ch; 40. KB2, KtKt5 mate! If 38. KR2, then RB7. The corpse in this case was no less distinguished a professor than Bogoljubow!

### GAME PROBLEM No. XLVIII.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: r55Q; pp2pkrp; 8; 2pp4; 3P4; P1P1KPPP; q5SR.]

White to play and win.

This curious position is taken from a game published in the much-lamented *Chess Amateur*. Its symmetry has been marred by Black's last move, PB4, designed to force the long diagonal with exchange of Queens. White is to play and force mate or win the Black Queen. Some of the contingencies are very pretty, and well worth the trouble of working out.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4071. (By RUDOLF L'HERMET, SCHÖNEBECK, ELBE.)

[Rbq1k3; 3Rr3; 3pS3; 4p3; p3S1B1; B4QKt; 8; 8—in two.] Keymove—BR3 [Bg4-h3].

If 1. — K×R, 2. KtB6; if 1. — Q×R (self-block), QB8; if 1. — BR7 (self-pin), 2. KtB7; if 1. — PQ4, 2. R×R; if 1. — RB2, 2. Q×R; if 1. — RKTch, 2. Kt×R; if 1. — RR2, 2. KtB6; if 1. — QB8, etc., 2. RQ8.

This is a problem of the old-fashioned type, but it is redeemed from any suggestion of mediocrity by the charming mating positions; that after K×R, for instance, shows the hand of the artist.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A EDMESTON (Llandudno).—See note in issue of July 12, *re* G.P. XLV. The reversal of the colours was certainly misleading, and we apologise.

E A DUNCAN (Milner, B.C.).—If you examine the solution of G.P. XLIV., given on July 5, we think you will agree that the position was quite a possible one.

GEO. PARBURY (Singapore).—The Janowsky ending is quite genuine, and if the score, which is mislaid, can be found, we will publish or send you the game.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4066 received from J M Elligott (Townsville, Australia); of No. 4070 from Geo. Parbury (Singapore), and A Huggins (Bloemfontein); of No. 4071 from E Pinkney (Driffield), H E McFarland (St. Louis), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), and J W Smedley (Oldham); of No. 4072 from Senex (Darwen), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), A Edmeston (Llandudno), J W Smedley (Oldham), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Bernard Trumper (Llanbradach), and E J Gibbs (East Ham); of No. 4073 from Julio Mond (Seville), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), and E J Gibbs (East Ham); of No. 4074 from T K Wigan (Woking), L W Cafferata (Newark), M Heath (London), and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLIII. received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. XLIV. from E Pinkney (Driffield), A Huggins (Bloemfontein), and E A Duncan (Milner, B.C.).—5 points each; of No. XLV. from Senex (Darwen), Bernard Trumper (Llanbradach), S H Llewellyn Smith (Alton), and Julio Mond (Seville); of No. XLVI. from J Barry Brown (Naas), Julio Mond (Seville), H Richards (Hove), F N Braund (Ware), T G Collings (Hulme), and B Trumper (Llanbradach); and of No. XLVII. from E G S Churchill (Blockley), J Barry Brown (Naas), L W Cafferata (Newark), Frederick N Braund (Ware), J W Smedley (Oldham), and H Richards (Hove).

parts involved which might at any time give trouble. The well fills slowly after total ejection. The displacer plunger is incorporated in the power-jet type of the Claudel-Hobson carburetter. This design embodies a diffuser using a progressively emptied well with an air-bleed, which is augmented by the displacer plunger and a power jet which comes into operation at wide throttle openings to provide maximum power. Also by this arrangement very economical running can be done at part-throttle openings. The slow-running arrangement is different from that usually employed, inasmuch as the idling jet feeds the mixture to a hole situated in the side of the throttle-barrel corresponding with the point of contact of the butterfly valve when in a closed position. Thence it passes into a transverse passage drilled through the valve. By thus giving the petrol more than one means of entrance, the mixture is fed more evenly throughout the whole mixing area, and flat spots in early throttle-movement are obviated. As one of these "pump-type" Claudel-Hobson carburetters was fitted to Lord Wakefield's *Golden Arrow* when the late Sir Henry Segrave made the present speed record of 231 miles per hour, I imagine the above details will interest motorists who study carburetter methods.

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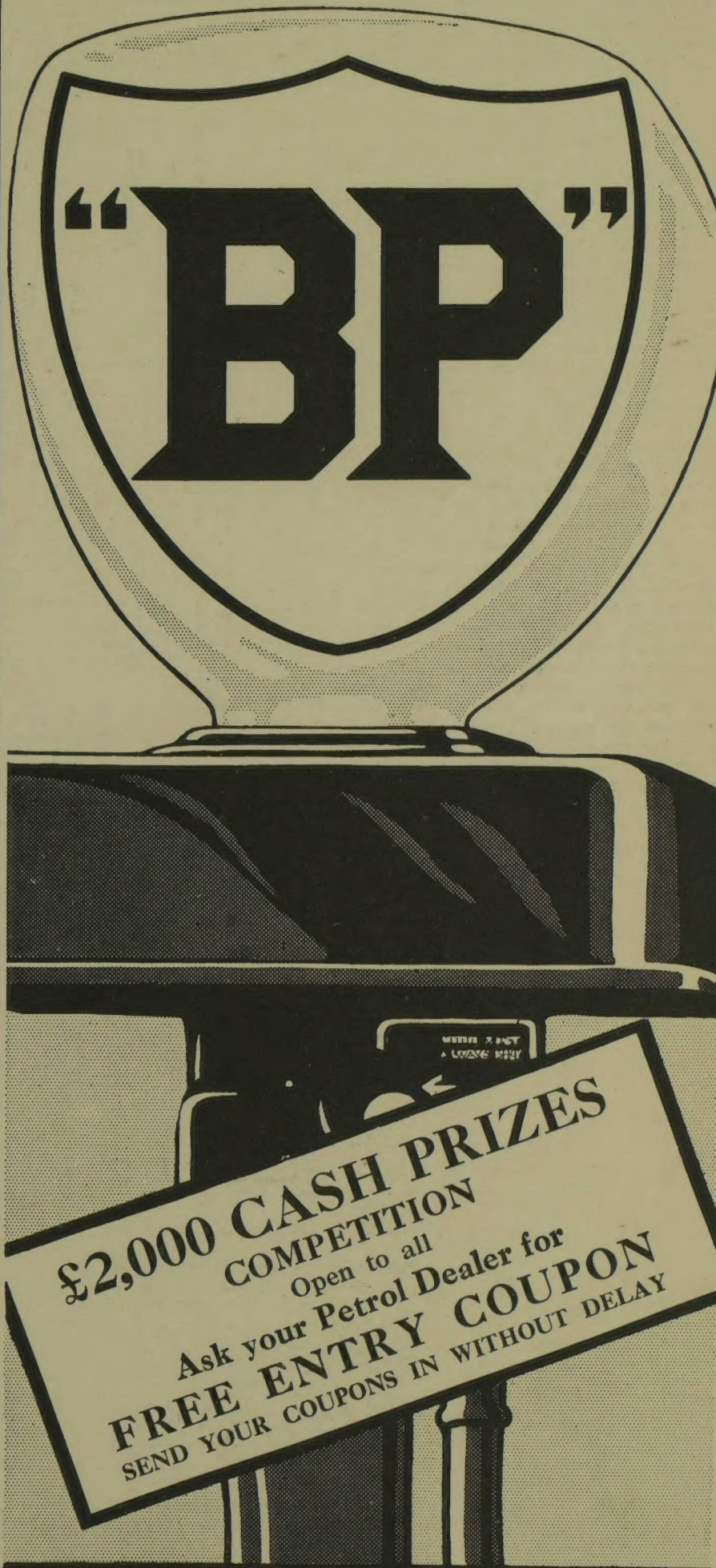
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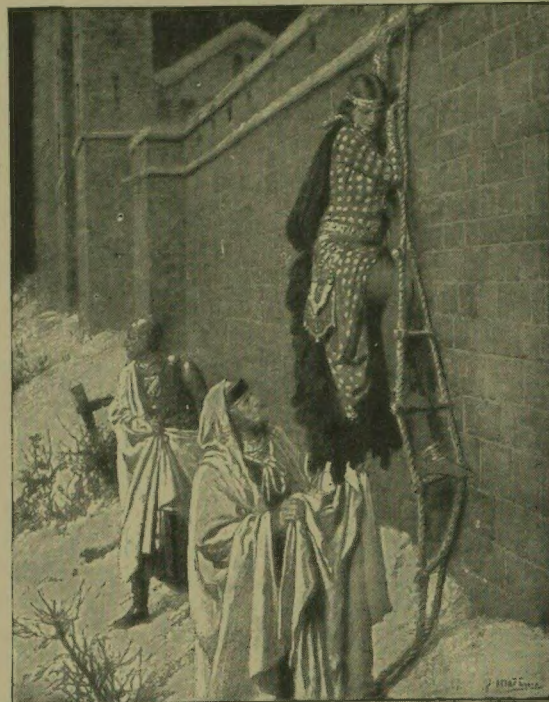


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